

May 17, 1941

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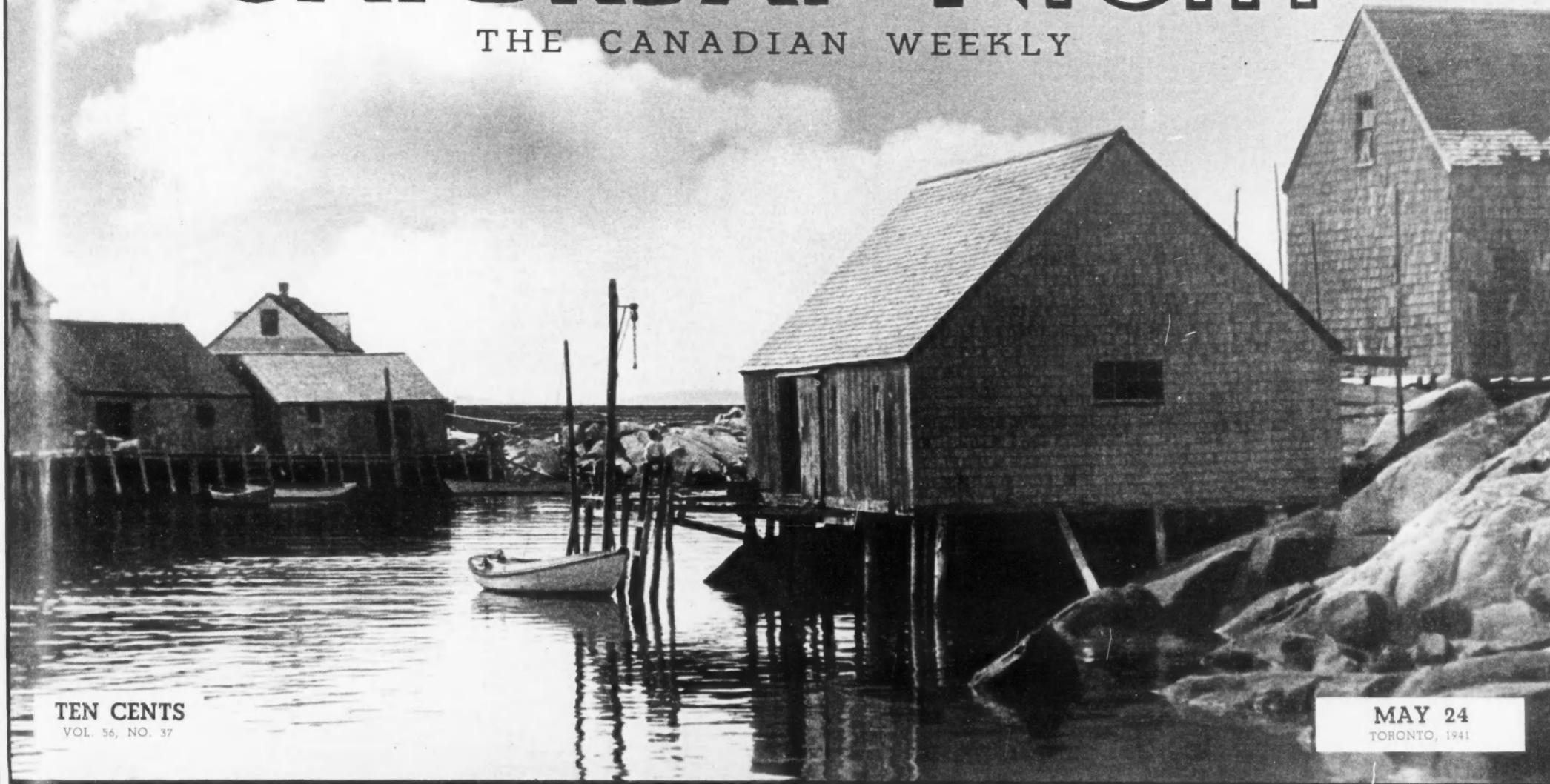
Factors in the Defence of Suez

by Col. R. R. Thompson

SEE PAGE TEN

SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN WEEKLY



TEN CENTS
VOL. 56, NO. 37

MAY 24
TORONTO, 1941

TYPICAL OF 112 FINE PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWN AT THE TORONTO FOCAL FORUM'S FIRST EXHIBITION IS FRANK GALBRAITH'S "PEGGY'S COVE". SEE PAGE 5.

THE FRONT PAGE

THAT the amount of the Victory Loan of 1941 is an enormous figure for a country such as Canada we do not deny. But there are features in our economic situation which make it possible to dispose of the entire issue without excessive strain.

The volume of savings in the hands of the people of Canada, as revealed by the Finance Department's statement on savings accounts in the banks, is highly abnormal; it is largely the result of an almost complete abstention from investment in capital goods during the last ten years and more. That abstention from reinvestment has been due to the lack of attractive security offerings, and is itself the main reason for the extremely low rate of interest on safe loans—a rate which would have been quite impossible if more active uses for funds had been available.

Now that war is stimulating a high degree of productive activity—which necessarily extends to many lines of business besides munitions, since wages distributed by munition plants are spent on all sorts of objects, there would be a risk of too much capital being attracted into new ventures and expansion of old ones, if the state did not step in and divert a larger proportion of the existing accumulations to its own use. Since the state at the same time makes it plain that heavy taxation will make even a successful new enterprise, or expansion of an old one, only moderately profitable, it should be easy to secure the 600 millions which it requires, and this will prevent the misdirection of these funds into things which look promising but are not calculated to add anything to Canada's war-making power.

Odd View of the R.C.M.P.

SOME of the members of the council of the city of Lachine, Que., as reported by the Montreal *Gazette*, have what seems to us an amazing concept of the nature of the proceedings provided under the Defence of Canada Regulations for the hearing of appeals against internment orders issued by the Minister of Justice. The regulations provide that any interned person shall have the right to apply for

a tribunal to consider his case and to advise the Minister whether his internment should be maintained or abandoned, though the Minister is not required to accept the advice of the tribunal and does not always do so. The tribunals are appointed by the Minister himself, who, it is fair to assume, does not officially disapprove of their sitting.

The Lachine city council however has decided to inquire into the circumstances under which the chief of police of Lachine appeared before one of these tribunals to testify in support of the petition of an Italian alien, who has since been released from internment; and Ald. Massie of Lachine expressed the view that the chief's action showed lack of co-operation with the R.C.M.P., "who must have had cause to intern that person." He added that in his opinion no public official, alderman, mayor or police chief should voluntarily go

before a tribunal "to interfere with the work of the R.C.M.P."

The R.C.M.P. is reported by the *Gazette* as having refused to comment upon the case. The R.C.M.P. may very properly refuse to comment on the question of the internment or otherwise of this particular alien, but it is highly desirable that it should comment, and through one of its high officers, upon the concept of its functions which has been expressed by Ald. Massie; otherwise it may be thought that that concept has been derived from the R.C.M.P. itself. What that civic dignitary is doing is to advise his fellow aldermen and their employees to obstruct the functioning of a tribunal set up by the Minister of Justice himself in accordance with Regulations adopted by the Government and approved by two successive committees of the House of Commons, a tribunal set up for the express purpose of

aiding the R.C.M.P. in the carrying out of its necessary wartime functions, by enabling it with a good conscience to intern persons against whom it has little more than a suspicion of enemy intent, in the knowledge that their cases will be examined by a competent member of the judiciary. It is almost incredible that an elected representative of a democratic community should so misunderstand the position of a police force in a democratic country; and we shall await the action of the Lachine council on the matter with the liveliest interest.

Railway Wages

WE ARE looking forward with the profoundest interest to the decision of Hon. Mr. Justice Patrick Kerwin, of the Supreme Court of Canada, in the conciliation case relating to the application of the Canadian railway employees for a cost-of-living bonus.

The decision involves interpretation of the principles of P.C. 7440, the famous declaration of government policy concerning wages during wartime. This declaration reaffirms the principles of P.C. 2685 to the effect that no element in the community can be permitted to profit from wartime necessities, and adds that wage rate levels established during the period 1926-29 shall be considered generally fair and reasonable, but that in order to assure workers that, while they must share in such sacrifices as the war may make necessary for the whole nation, their basic standard of living shall not be impaired, a wartime cost-of-living bonus may properly be paid in certain circumstances.

The controlling concept in this declaration is obviously contained in the phrase "their basic standard of living shall not be impaired."

It is apparently claimed by the representatives of the employees that the "basic standard" referred to in this declaration is that of August 1939, though in view of the definite citation of 1926-29 as the period to be treated as the standard it is difficult to see how they arrive at this conclusion. As compared with August 1939 there has been an increase in the cost of living index, which had amounted to

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PEOPLE make news



EN ROUTE TO CUBA, EX-KING CAROL OF RUMANIA LAST WEEK STOPPED OFF IN BERMUDA. HE HAD STUNNED THE SHIP'S PURSER BY ASKING HIM TO CASH A \$10,000 CHEQUE. SAID HE: "I AM VERY GLAD TO BE ON THIS SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC."



WITH CAROL WAS MAGDA LUPESCU, HIS LONG-TIME COMPANION, WHO SHARED THE DRAMATIC FLIGHT FROM SPAIN. MORE BLONDE THAN RED-HEADED, TALL AND SLIM, LUPESCU EARNED THIS TRIBUTE FROM MRS. A. L. AYMER WHO SHARED HER CABIN: "SHE IS THE TYPE OF WOMAN WHO SHOULD HAVE 10 CHILDREN."



MAKING ONE OF HER INCREASINGLY RARE PUBLIC APPEARANCES, QUEEN MARY OF ENGLAND LAST WEEK VISITED A MILITARY CONVALESCENT HOME IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE. CLAD IN GREY AND CARRYING AN UMBRELLA, ENGLAND'S WORLD WAR I QUEEN WAS RECEIVED WITH RESOUNDING CHEERS.



SO ANXIOUS WAS 20-YEAR-OLD MAURICE HALNA DU FRETAY TO ESCAPE FROM NAZI-HELD FRANCE THAT HE BUILT HIS OWN PLANE BY CANDLE-LIGHT AT NIGHT, FLEW IT TO ENGLAND AFTER A BRUSH WITH A MESSER-SCHMITT. LAST WEEK HE RECEIVED THE EMPIRE MEDAL.



VISITING A BOMBED CITY IN ENGLAND LAST WEEK, PRIME MINISTER WINSTON CHURCHILL HOISTED HIS FAMOUS "JOHN BULL" ON THE END OF HIS STICK IN RECOGNITION OF THE CROWD'S CHEERS. LATER, THE COMMONS BACKED HIS POLICY 447-3; THE LORDS UNANIMOUSLY. THE VOTE OF CONFIDENCE CAME AFTER A CABINET SHAKE-UP.



IN LONDON LAST WEEK WAS GENERAL ARNOLD, CHIEF OF THE U.S. AIR FORCES, TO OBTAIN A FIRST-HAND PICTURE OF BRITISH AIRCRAFT NEEDS AND TO STUDY PROBLEMS FACING BRITAIN'S AIR INDUSTRY.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Home Guard's Drill

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

I READ with much interest your article, "Canada Cannot Run Two Armies." I also heard on the radio the not-too-sure appeal of the Minister of National Defence for 32,000 new army recruits. When your writer, describing the army situation, said "mess" he was being too polite. At the fall of France last May our pussy-footing Government, in order not to scare people too much (as if they weren't thoroughly scared by events then), accepted recruits for what was called a Home Guard. A good many of us joined with the thought that it was a Home Guard, among them a large percentage of men married, over age, and with business ties, quite willing to do soldiering for possible domestic use, but either unfit or for legitimate business or personal reasons unprepared to go into active service immediately—or say, while there are still lots of young lads kicking around the dance halls and pool rooms. That is why such a poor showing has been made about obtaining recruits for the active army from the reserve army; the reserve army isn't a reserve at all.

We were taken to camp for two weeks (I spent my vacation there gladly as my relatives in England got none), were drilled by green officers who took their stuff out of books as they went along, used for a time the .300 calibre Eddystone rifle for which we had no bullets, and on review day witnessed the swashbuckling brigade colonel commit three glaring errors in his orders during dress parade manoeuvres.

errors any good R.S.M. couldn't have made, and finally listened to a pitiful faltering speech by the brigadier general of the military district who apparently didn't consider the occasion sufficiently important to prepare a few words for the men drawn up before him.

To a subsequent camp in September there went as officers three chaps I know personally who hadn't attended one parade of the unit. Apparently they were socially and politically eligible, having been chosen over some of us who had been at it for weeks. In the fall I was transferred to the city, and haven't as yet been able to collect about \$20 back pay owing me, which would not cover the expenses incurred in my willingly going about twelve miles twice a week to parades. A lad who used to work in my office and who dutifully went from the reserve army to the C.A.S.F. and is now awaiting transfer to England wasn't able to collect his back pay from the militia either. Not till some of these injustices are corrected will we have a united war effort.

SUBSCRIBER,

Foreigners and Jobs

The Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN YOUR Front Page for May 17, you take up the cause of the people of Canada who are of foreign extraction and attempt to refute the idea that the latter are staying at home dropping into nice comfortable jobs left by other Canadians who have enlisted.

While the term foreigner may not be correctly applied to these people, if statistics and other facts are taken into consideration, nonetheless, the fact remains that these people are not taking any great part in our war effort.

I come from a small city in Saskatchewan, where the population is roughly half of foreign extraction and the other half of British extraction. Unemployment has been a very grave problem in that city and a very large proportion of the boys coming out of school were unable to find steady employment, whether or not they were of foreign extraction. When the war came, almost all of the boys of British extraction en-

listed as quickly as they could in whatever service they felt they were best suited for. Meanwhile almost none of the boys of foreign extraction enlisted, nor have they to the present time.

In Saskatchewan, Canada, gives equal opportunity to all boys to a greater extent, perhaps than anywhere else in the country, but unfortunately, circumstances have made that opportunity seem almost worthless. The people of foreign extraction can have no complaints about their comparative treatment there. Surely then if boys of British extraction could enlist the others could have also. If they stay behind and take the jobs that become available to them, is it to be wondered at that those who have enlisted, and those who intend to enlist, are a trifle incensed at these people whom we are not to describe as foreigners? Have they not a legitimate complaint to make about this attitude of indifference on the part of those whom Canada and the British Empire have taken and kept out of the reach of Hitler's gang?

The remedy for this situation, and also the solution of the whole problem of man-power for our army, is conscription for service anywhere, applying equally to all Canadians, whatever their parents or grandparents may have thought of as "the old country."

Sudbury, Ont. F. C. C. BOLAND.

Words to "Finlandia"

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

AS YOU published some months ago my verses designed to fit the music of the famous Sibelius tone-poem, you may be interested in the annexed letter which I have just received from Edmonton, Alta.

Merridale, Man. DONALD L. AIREN.

"Often when I have listened to 'Finlandia' I have wished that some one would write words that could be sung to it. It was therefore with great interest that I eagerly tried your words a few days ago and must say that I was very impressed.

"On Thursday last I sang these words at a gathering here in the city and I could feel that the entire audience were deeply impressed. Numerous persons so expressed themselves to me following my rendition of the song.

"Thanks for the wonderful words so appropriate today, and God grant that it will not be long until the people of Europe can cry 'We are Free.'

"EINAR M. GUNNARSON"

SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN WEEKLY

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THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

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62 per cent up to December last and has gone a little further since. But as compared with 1926-29, a period of very high prices, the cost of living is down by at least 10 per cent, and the basic standard of living is therefore very substantially higher. It is always risky to predict a judicial decision before it is made; but we feel that the chances favor a rejection of the application of the employees upon that general ground.

Thus, if it happens, will unfortunately leave undecided a number of secondary questions of great importance. The railway employees are among the "aristocracy of labor," and their high remuneration has had a good deal to do with the inability of the railways to hold their business by reducing their rates. (Goods are transported only when the increase in value resulting from transportation exceeds the cost of transportation; and the cost is not always, indeed not often, the determining element in that increase.)

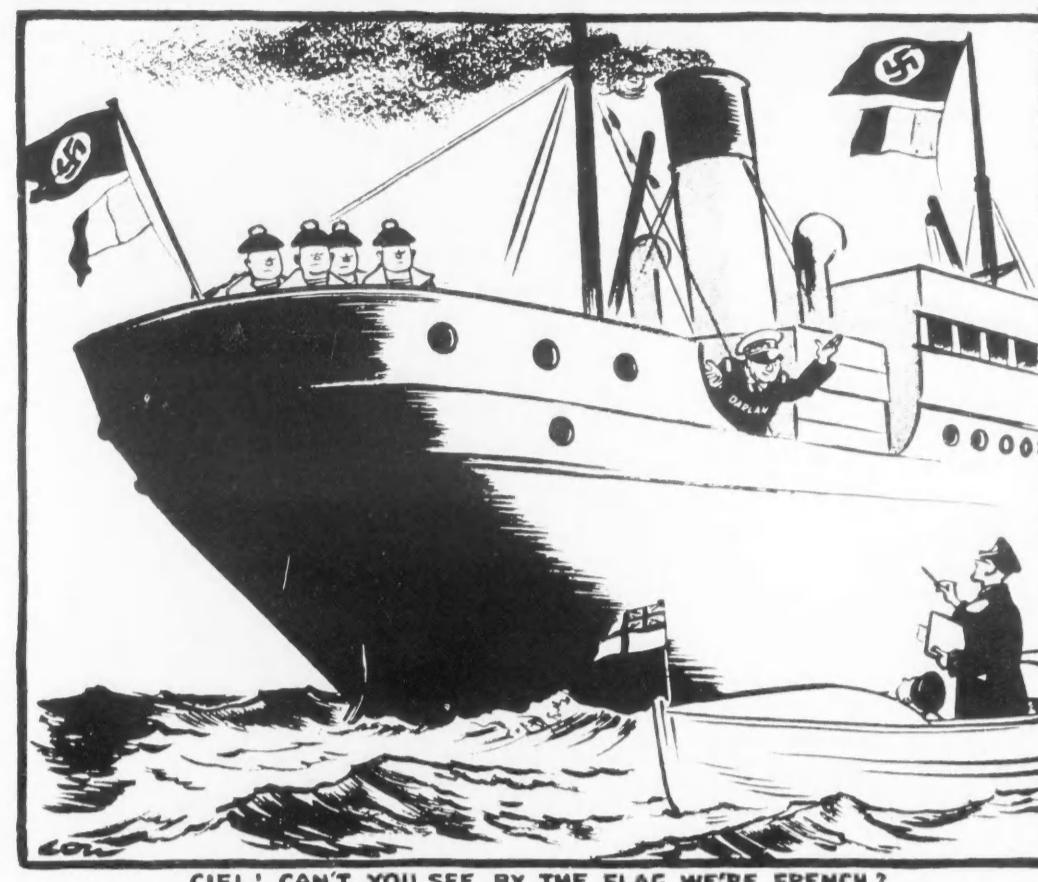
It is highly important that we should know, in view of the fact that P.C. 7440 defines government policy regarding wages, just what is meant by "basic standard of living." Does it apply to every one of the highly varying standards of living enjoyed by all the different classes of railway labor some of which are as high as those of many of the professional and small-proprietor classes, and far ahead of all but the most prosperous of the agriculturists? The representatives of the railway employees claim that it does, and are demanding an even over-all bonus. But there is no other class in the community which has any guarantee that its standard of living shall not be impaired, and this principle if put into effect by the conciliation boards would make of the higher-paid wage-earners one of the most impregnable vested interests in the country, with a right to maintain what is in many cases a distinctly luxurious standard of living at the expense of all the rest of the population.

The principle of non-impairment of basic standards is an excellent one for the protection of the really depressed classes of labor, those which with their utmost efforts can just make enough to provide for decency and not enough to provide for health. We should be delighted to see it invoked for the protection of some of the classes of labor referred to by Mr. Maxime Raymond in those parts of his famous moderate-war speech of a fortnight ago which the press neglected to report. But to apply it to people who had a comfortable margin in 1926-29, and who today are living 10 per cent better than they were then, and are able to do so because of the lamentably inadequate prices which are being received by the producers of foodstuffs and other primary commodities, this seems to us to be unjust, un-patriotic, and profoundly unwise.

They Know Too Little

F. D. MACKENZIE, M.P. for Neepawa, in his speech in the budget debate, coined an aphorism that will not perish when he remains that the cause of much of the present confusion is that "too many people are saying too much about things of which they know too little." That has long appeared to us to be the one chief respect in which democracy was failing down. It is quite impossible that the whole adult population of a democratic country should know enough to make its opinions valuable concerning many of the problems of international relationships, and the effort to conduct those relationships with constant reference to the opinions of the uninformed is pretty well doomed to failure.

Democracy will function better when the people whose time is filled up with the tasks of making a living in commerce, industry, agriculture, transportation and scores of other exacting occupations come to realize that, even for their own interests and much more for those of the country, it would be better to limit the expression of their political views to broad general issues, and to leave the details of policy to be worked out by those whose business it is to know all that can be known about the contingent circumstances. To take a particular example, the idea that a Canadian business man in Toronto or a Canadian farmer in Neepawa can profitably help to decide



whether the Canadian troops should serve in Iraq or in England is obviously preposterous; yet attempts are constantly being made to work up public feeling on this and scores of kindred subjects which can only be dealt with intelligently by persons with ample technical knowledge.

In business affairs men hesitate to tender advice on subjects about which they are not supposed to have expert knowledge; but in the most delicate affairs of state they have no hesitation about telling the government what to do as freely as the onlookers at a hockey game or wrestling match instruct the persons engaged in the conflict. Democracy does not necessarily mean that the Crown must follow the advice of the most numerous, to say nothing of the most vociferous, group of the electors upon every detail of its policy.

There Is No Second Line

ELSEWHERE in this issue our scientific collaborator, Mr. H. Dyson Carter, deals interestingly with the psychological problems presented by a nation which, while engaged in war, is itself experiencing none of the direct effects of enemy action. These problems are without doubt fully recognized by the Government, or at least by those members of it—the large majority—whose efforts to prosecute the war with full energy are constantly being impeded by public apathy in this or that quarter. That they are understood, and the best means of dealing with them appreciated, is another matter, about which we are not so sure.

The crucial battle of the war from Canada's point of view has now been going on for almost a year, and Canadians still to a large extent fail to realize that it is crucial for them as well as for Britain. The loss of the Battle of Britain, whether by successful invasion or by successful siege resulting in the cutting of supply lines, would mean the loss of freedom by Canada and by every nation in the American Hemisphere. So long as Britain stands there is a lively prospect of rescuing Europe from German domination. The moment that Britain falls there ceases to be the slightest hope of any such issue out of our affliction. And a German-dominated Europe means a German-dominated world.

Canada's war effort has been hamstrung ever since the war began by the delusion that North America, or the Americas, could be defended after the fall of Britain. So long as that delusion prevailed in the United States there was no hope of removing it, or even greatly diminishing its acceptance, in Canada,

for the mental atmosphere of Canada is not a separate thing but is that of a province of the United States. As a result of its past catering to this delusion, the Canadian Government is today committed to—and unwilling to shake itself free from—a number of policies of which the Canadian people as a whole, following the American people, have all too recently learned the foolishness and the danger.

The American people have abandoned the thought of digging in on this continent; they are desperately anxious to defend themselves in the English Channel, the Suez Canal, West Africa and all the oceans of the globe. But we in Canada are still thinking in terms of aiding the mother country, of being loyal to the Empire, or never letting the old flag (or the old torch) fall, and at the same time are kidding ourselves that even if the mother country did go under, we could still preserve a modicum of free institutions behind the skirts of Uncle Sam.

This is all fantastic and childish illusion. If the day ever came on which Herr Hitler entered London, the life of every outspoken advocate of democracy and opponent of Hitlerism in this great Dominion would cease to be a suitable subject for insurance. If the British fleet escaped intact to the United States, it is probable that the Germanization of this continent would not be undertaken immediately and violently; but the whole continent would have to set to work without delay to outdo the utmost military and naval preparations of which all Europe would be capable under German slave-drivers, and the outlook for success would not be very hopeful.

If anyone on this continent is cheering himself with the thought that the slaves will not do a good job for their masters, let him weigh these words of Dr. Paul Einzig, in *Hitter's "New Order" in Europe*: "The tanks which crushed their way through the Maginot Line and destroyed the French army were manufactured at the Skoda works by Czech workmen. Every one of these workmen was filled with hatred against their oppressor and yet they continued to work efficiently, knowing very well that in doing so they were forging their own chains. If they can be compelled to work for the benefit of Germany at a time when there is still a chance for their liberation, how much more likely they would be to submit once these chances have disappeared?"

If we fail to raise the utmost fighting force of which we are capable now while Britain stands, if we fail to finance the full requirements of that fighting force now while Britain stands, we need not bother much about subsequent defences.

"Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few." —Winston Churchill, of Britain's air defenders.

You too can help by buying War Savings Certificates regularly.

THE PASSING SHOW

NAZI agents are reported to be in Jerusalem, wearing civilian clothes. Attempting, no doubt, to enlist the support of the Grand Mufti.

This week's candidate for the Hall of Ineffability; the university student who told his professor that Shakespeare's mother was Elizabeth Arden.

The Canadian National Exhibition authorities, we hear, are considering a plan to allow men in uniform to attend free this year. Feeling, of course, that the brave deserve the Fair.

We predict a great future for the new Kingdom of Croatia as a setting for comic operas.

Since the unexpected departure of his oldest, best and most trusted friend Hitler seems to have turned to France to find the Darlan of his heart.

HEIL HESS!

Hess! Hess! Won't you confess Why you flew straight to your Scottish address Carefully clad in immaculate dress? Was it from fear or inane politesse?

Hess! Hess! Say no or yes! Would you bring peace or a Judas caress? What about Adolf? Did he say "God bless" Filling you up with fifth column finesse?

Hess! Hess! Anyone's guess! One little fact I would like to impress. Now in Berlin there'll be one maggot less When we arrive there to mop up the mess. F. E. FYFE

Hitler has sent another message to the Premier of Turkey. Probably it went something like: Do you mind if I move Inonu?

Last week for the first time the Russian Ambassador to Japan was invited to lunch with the Axis diplomats. But of course he had to promise to bring his own lunch.

Men are pulling the plows in Europe this spring, says an agricultural authority. We bet a lot of them are getting ready to say neigh to Hitler.

According to Robert Ley, Roosevelt has missed the bus. But we may be sure Roosevelt doesn't miss the implications.

A correspondent in England reports that empty spaces on certain streets are the only sign of war in London. Of course you have to read between the lanes.

We've been trying all week to think of something new to say about Hess, but everything seems to have been said about the Mysteries of Rudolfo.

A University of Chicago professor recently crawled down the throat of a dead whale. That should go a long way towards silencing critics of the Jonah and Pinocchio stories.

"The British Empire is about to be invested at its central pillar," says *Popolo d'Italia*. But it sounds more like speculation to us.

Mr. Hanson is of the opinion that if a man receives a large income it should not be made public. What, then, is the use of sixteen-cylinder automobiles?

A new 500-franc note colored mauve, yellow, and green, has been issued by Vichy. French art critics' sole objection to it is that it is not printed on something edible.

A Hamilton family have been forced out of their home by removal of the windows. The landlord took panes to secure eviction.

In Ontario from now on, if you die intestate, your widow gets the first \$5000 of your estate. Our advice to the average Ontario husband is, let the little lady think you haven't made a will.



Anzacs leave Greece aboard a British warship. For four bloody days they held the pass at Thermopylae



Cablephotos of British troops disembarking . . .



. . . at an unidentified port where, exhausted, they rest

THE BRITISH WITHDRAWAL FROM GREECE

Of 437,000 troops in Flanders in June, 1940, 13,000 were killed or wounded, 40,000 were taken prisoner and 384,000 were evacuated. Last week Britain turned again to totting up war's sad figures—casualties and losses. This time she was auditing the books of the Greek campaign.

The British had only 60,000 troops in Greece, including one Australian and one New Zealand division. Of these, about 45,000 were evacu-

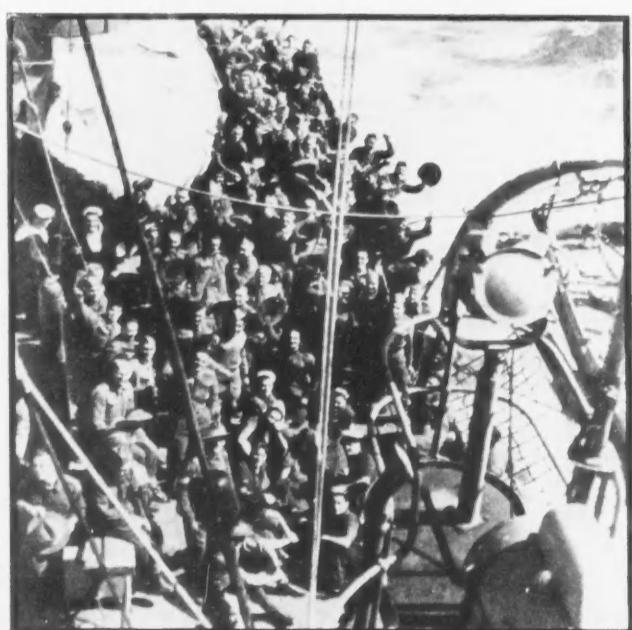
ated: casualties — killed and wounded — amounted to around 3,000. Material losses added up to most of the equipment of one armored brigade and whatever heavy artillery was on hand.

Of the campaign itself, there was only a heroically brief report. The Germans attacked northern Greece in five spearheads on April 6. When the Yugoslavs folded on the second day, 3 Greek divisions were cut off from Salonika and the way was open to the Monastir Gap. Less than a division of Australian troops plugged that Gap for 2 days until the British withdrew to Olympus. When the gallant, underarmed Greeks were decimated, another withdrawal to Thermopylae was ordered. The British withdrew behind a fierce Anzac rear guard to hold the enemy for 4 days at Thermopylae.

On April 21 the Greeks capitulated, advising the British that "Further sacrifice of the British Expeditionary Force would be in vain . . . its withdrawal in time seems to be necessary . . ."

On April 22, while a New Zealand brigade faced the flanking Germans, the final retreat and evacuation began. On the first two nights 19,000 troops were taken off. On the third night, 16,000 more. And on the fourth night, 4,200. After that, smaller groups of men were picked up off the beaches in boats put out from British warships.

By May 1 the evacuation was completed by the Royal Navy which worked under tremendous difficulties, for the Germans had bombed Greek ports to a fare-thee-well, and had command of the air over the ports during the evacuation. But as Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham admirably understated in his message to his Fleet: "Throughout these operations, under conditions of considerable danger and utmost difficulty, there was no faltering . . ."



Even in withdrawal, the Anzac spirit was unquenchable

I Was a Pacifist

BY GEORGE E. LEVY

Here Mr. Levy, a Hartland, N.B., clergyman (United Baptist Church), tells how he was converted from a pacifist to a backer of Britain's war. To those who are still in doubt, whose minds are still fuddled about the issues involved, "I Was a Pacifist" will make interesting reading.

I AM a clergyman and before the war I was a pacifist. This does not mean that I ever identified myself with noisy, militant crusades for "peace at any price." I did, however, openly and proudly acknowledge myself a pacifist. For over fifteen years I upheld the cause of pacifism with unwavering devotion. From the pulpit and in the press, in private conversation and in public conferences, I never concealed my utter abhorrence of war and my unbounded faith in the better way of reason and good-will as a means of settling disputes, national and international. I am afraid that at times my statements could only be understood as an absolute disavowal of all support for any war in the future irrespective of the issue involved.

Even before the war my pacifism should have been rudely shocked, yet it remained solidly intact. Despite the fact that the Treaty of Versailles reads somewhat like the Sermon on the Mount when compared with the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, I stubbornly maintained, as did a host of others, that this iniquitous treaty was responsible for all the ills and recalcitrancy of post-war Germany, and that it was *directly* responsible for the rise of Hitler to power. Hence, appeasement was the solution *par excellence*. At times I vaguely questioned what should have been obvious without question, whether appeasement alone would work. Those appeased seemed never satisfied as long as there was more to demand. Then came Munich, greeted with applause whose overtones carried the wail of the siren and the thunder of the guns for those with ears to hear them. Still I remained a pacifist.

SINCE September 1939 I have carefully re-examined my pacifism. As a result, four points have emerged on which I believe I am definitely settled. These points contain the remains of old convictions and some things which are new.

(1) I still believe that war is a terrible scourge. But not less terrible is the totalitarian scourge which brings immediate death to the mind and spirit if not so soon to the body. I say "totalitarian scourge," for fundamentally all totalitarian systems, Nazism, Fascism and Communism, affect the way of life in exactly the same manner. All equally pervert the real values of life by false claims of liberty and an exaggerated emphasis on the economic aspects of existence, and, in the end, give "neither liberty nor bread." It is only in a democratic system that these values are safe. These values are more priceless than life itself, for they alone give life its true worth. Yet if wars must continually recur civilization, which is the bearer of these elements of true worth, will perish. The dilemma can only be resolved by banishing forever the unholy thing called war, and at the same time providing positive guarantees against the rise and spread of another scourge such as is sweeping the earth.

(2) The only actually constructive force in the world is intelligent good-will. Arms can only neutralize the effect of arms. Absolutely necessary as are the "tools" of war, the job can only be half finished by their use. The function of arms is to destroy the old order. Good-will alone can create and build the new and better order. We must not make the mistake of believing that the death of the old means the birth of the new order. That means another struggle with its own tools, the chief of which will be good-will. The difficulty in the past has been that too much of our good-will lacked bold, intelligent direction, and this was true particularly of the paci-

fists. I do believe that the pacifist, in so far as he persists in being one, can render a real service in this struggle by helping to keep alive an intelligent good-will during years in which our perspective is liable to become gravely distorted.

(3) We shall never succeed in making the world a better place by overlooking the brutal realism of its imperfections. We did that. We believed that all men had suddenly become angels at heart. From 1919 to 1939 pacifists shared great hopes of the world to come. There was something exhilarating about these large hopes. We believed ourselves to be on the threshold of a new and brighter day in human relations, and that idealism was the herald of its dawn.

NOW, I for one confess that what I thought was idealism was mostly sentimentalism. And nothing can be more foolish or cruel in the long run than the blindness of sentimentalism. International gangsters and selfish isolationists have done violence to my faith in the easy perfectability of the human order. It is a stark fact, and we refused to face it too long, that as long as gangsters can prey on the weak they will. The other fact which is just as stark is that there is a form of selfishness which hides its own approaching peril so that it will not hear the cry of those in more imminent danger. This soft, rosy idealism we espoused acted as a deterrent to the efforts of those who would have prepared us to meet the dreadful impasse at which we at last arrived. As a former pacifist I shall work just as hard for a better world but henceforth I shall be more of a realist.

(4) A final conviction regarding Germany. I do not want to deny goodwill to a single German who is deserving it, nor do I want to perpetuate the slightest prejudice by suspicion, but frankly, I am afraid of the German political philosophy. It has created untold mischief in the last century and a half. The ideas of a superior race, of a distinctive *Kultur*, of the worship of the state, of the glory of war, of the place of political expediency as an ethical tenet which Hegel introduced in his *Philosophy of Right*, have brought forth to the full their poisoned fruitage in Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, and in the Nazi scourge of the past eight years. Between these two men so unlike and yet with so great a connection, there is a line of thinkers, among them Caspar Schmidt, Bluntschli, Nietzsche, Treitschke and Bernhardi, who have passed the German mind and preserved its genius to the most unholy ends. "There is one God, Mars, Germany is his peculiar province and we are his prophets," one and all have proclaimed. It is hard to reconstruct the genius which has produced the immortal poetry, music and leadership of Germany with the overwhelming motif of the political philosophy which has been developing at the same time. The one is so entirely enlightened, the other so completely pagan and brutal. The Germany of the last one hundred and fifty years cannot be understood apart from this political philosophy which has poisoned her life.

PERHAPS I shall call myself a pacifist again some day, but mine will be a different kind of pacifism from that I embraced in the past. Today my duty is clear. It is first to help preserve the values of life whose very existence is at stake. Tomorrow I shall be ready and willing to work as hard in the building of the better order of which men have dreamed so long and for which they have sacrificed so much.

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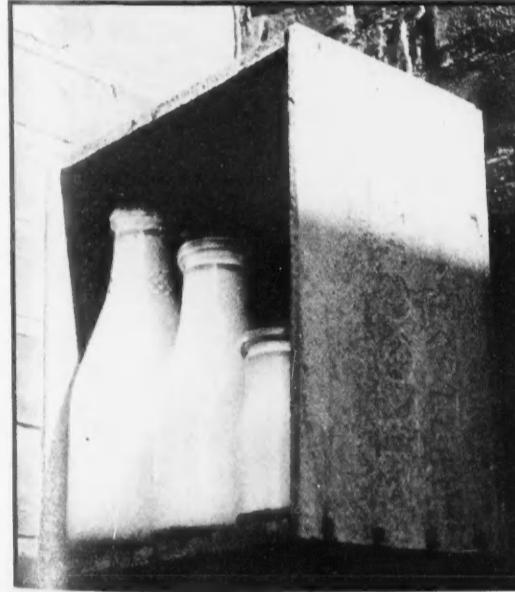
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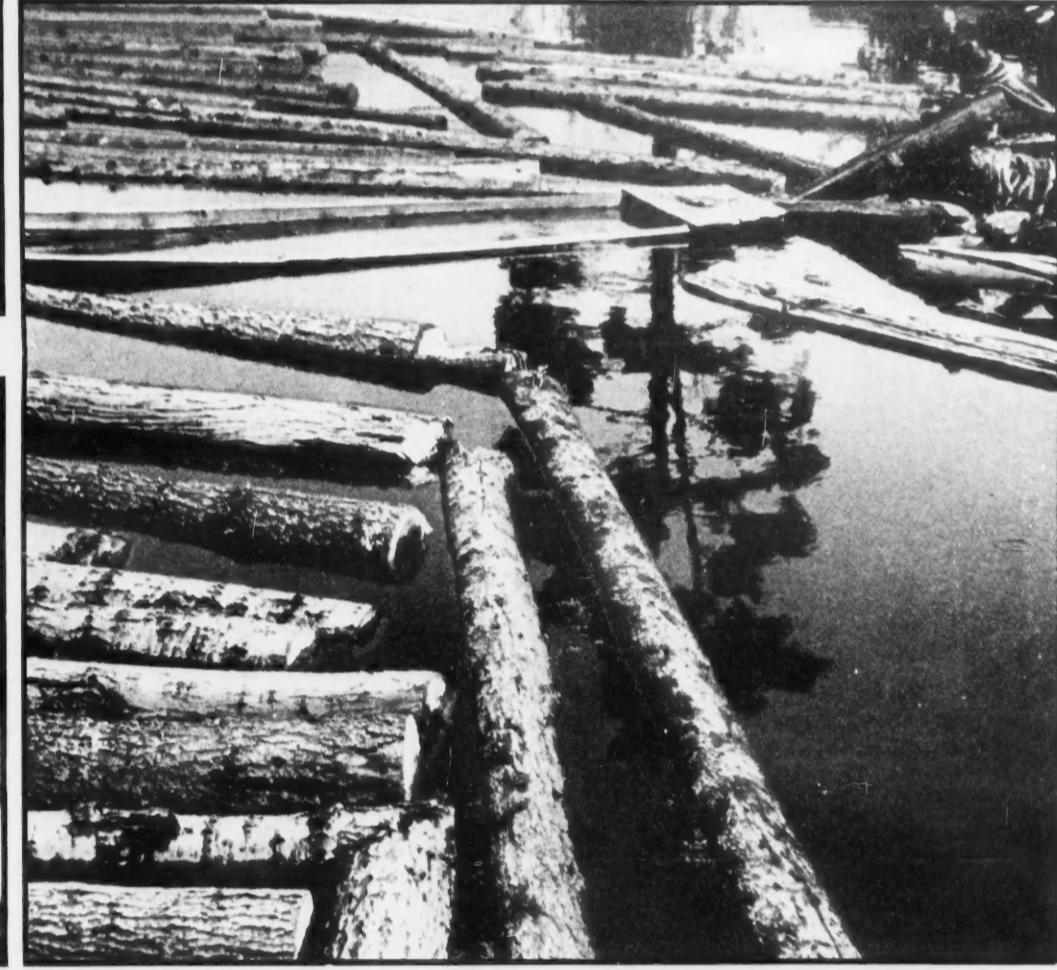
"Something Lives in Every Hue" by C. Lagerquist



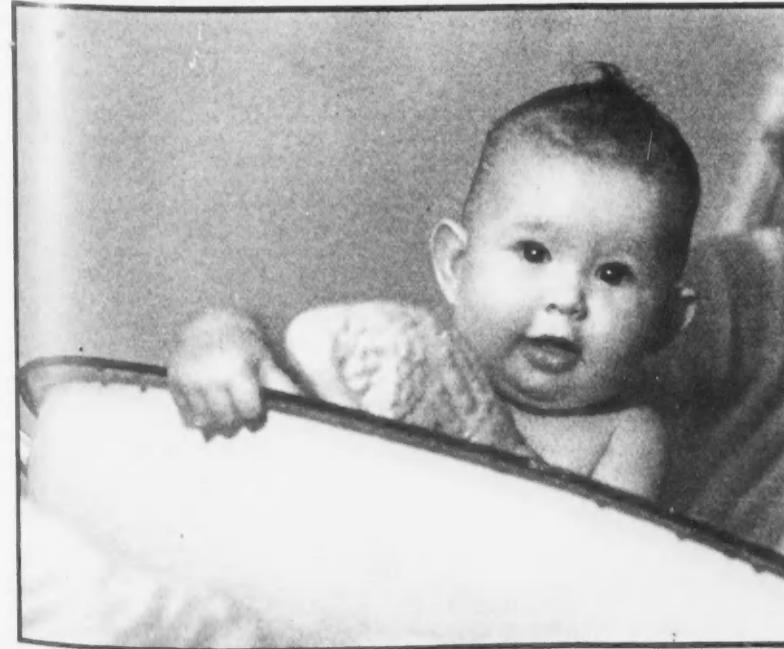
"Morning" by E. E. Welch



V. Lilley's "Siesta!"



Orme E. Payne's "Defiance"



"Hold Tight!" by Margaret Kirby



"Frustration" by J. Arter



"Sunlight and Shadows" by G. Franklin

A STRANGER attending one of the fortnightly meetings of the Toronto Focal Forum easily believes he has arrived just in time for a free-for-all fight. With mixed emotions he awaits actual physical combat. Gradually he realizes that the thirty, or more, men and women who are caustically criticizing one another's photographs, with an occasional fiery defense from the maker, are not fighting among themselves but are struggling together to achieve photographic perfection.

Nine times out of ten the new-comer settles down to enjoy the lively criticism, the helpful suggestions, the spontaneous candour of the open forum and, finally, the all-important moment when the club votes on each print displayed, judging it a failure or worthy of exhibition under the club's name.

This policy of straightforward criticism and mutual assistance, aided by the direction of "Jay", SATURDAY NIGHT'S Staff Photographer, has enabled this eighteen-months-old club to develop photographers from many who were mediocre "snapshooters."

A year and a half ago, two members of Consolidated Press Limited asked "Jay" if he would help them form a camera club. "Jay" said "Yes", so the Toronto Focal Forum was organized and continues under sponsorship of Consolidated Press.

The original members were Consolidated Press employees whose only reason for joining a camera club was that they owned cameras . . . at least most of them owned cameras. These first members started the policy that every member must be active, believing that one learns best by doing. Members brought their friends to visit the new club. Their friends liked it and wanted to join. Quickly the Toronto Focal Forum became a club of members trying to make their cameras express more than a record of places and faces.

They have no expensive gadgets . . . and few high-priced cameras. Like most small camera clubs the members use home-made equipment. Excepting "Jay's", only one enlarger is a store-bought model.

Working with this background familiar to members of many camera clubs, the Toronto Focal Forum last week, with much trepidation put on their first exhibition.

This first showing of 112 prints was presented by the T. Eaton Company in their main Toronto store. From the first, when the best print of the show was chosen to receive the Geo. A. Drew Sterling Trophy, donated by Col. Drew for annual competition, to the last day, the exhibition was a talked-about success . . . actually one of the most successful the T. Eaton Company has ever displayed.

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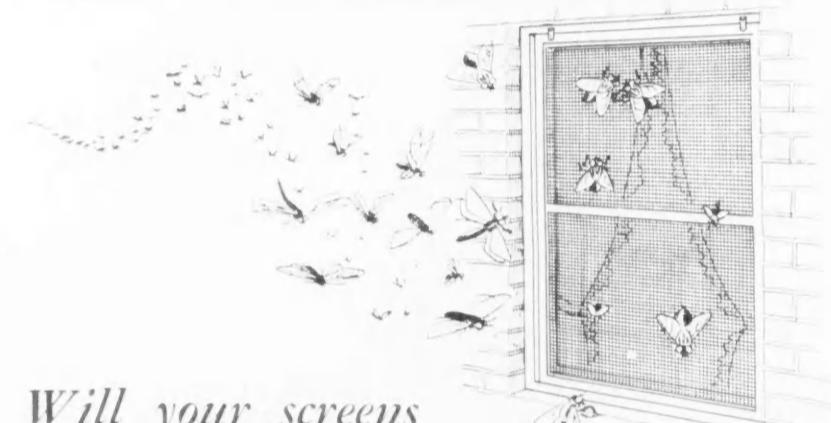
YOUR EXECUTOR will be the key to prompt, efficient and economical distribution of your estate. Your choice may mean the difference between anxiety and peace of mind for your family.

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the temporary rusting kind. And once you install screens of Anaconda Bronze, they serve through the years, subject only to accidental breakage. That means lasting freedom from the expense of rust... costly painting, ugly patching and occasional replacement.

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Conscription Is Not Needed

BY H. F. NICHOLSON

Criticism of the Government's policy in raising an army has been unfair and largely uninformed.

Conscription in the last war was badly bungled, and it should be avoided this time if at all possible.

The real trouble lies not with the Ministry of National Defence, but with the Department of Munitions and Supply.

We should refrain from uninformed attacks on the present recruiting system if we are not to wreck the excellent program which is in action.

IT IS not particularly pleasant to be a critic of the policies of the Canadian Government at the present time. It is a sober fact that, among many others, I have been exposed to a good deal of pressure to persuade me that it would be personally disadvantageous for me to continue saying anything which savours of a lack of approval of the policies adopted by the present Administration — although I voted for them at the last election, and would certainly, in present circumstances, vote for them if another election came on. Yet, democracy has been correctly defined as government by discussion, and I do not believe that it is a good thing that any of us should allow ourselves to be induced, by pressure of any sort, to be traitors to the principles of democracy, and to withhold constructive criticism.

This preface is because I am going, this time, to rally to the defence of the Government. It is my serious conviction that criticism of the Government's policy in connection with the raising of an army has been unfair and largely uninformed.

Problem Always Serious

The problem of raising a large army in Canada will always be a serious one, unless, in time of peace, we maintain a skeleton organization. During peacetime we have never done this. At the outbreak of war, in September, 1939, this country had a small and highly trained professional Army numbering some 4,500. It had also those Non-Permanent Active Militia units which were a mere concession to appearances, and to the desire of large numbers of our citizens to feel that they were doing something for the future protection of their country.

How inadequate the Non-Permanent Active Militia equipment and training was it is not necessary to record.

Despite these aberrations, the supply of recruits in all Provinces at the outbreak of hostilities in September 1939, far exceeded the demand, but we had not the machinery to use the recruits, nor even a Cabinet which saw the need of using them.

The Department of National Defence therefore faced a colossal problem at the outbreak of hostilities.

There was the further difficulty that public opinion was extremely uninformed and uninformed. During the hostilities of 1914 to 1918, what I have always believed to be an unwise decision was taken, and conscription was imposed, without proper preparation of the public mind, and in a most unpleasant fashion. There is not the least doubt of the exact accuracy of the statement that the Military Service Act of 1917 was, as it was carried out, especially in the Province of Quebec, a farce. It was my fortune to serve as a Military Representative on a Military Service Tribunal in that Province and to resign in protest against the scandalous wholesale exemption of men who were obviously intended to be conscripted under the law. Finally, the scandal became so grave that all previous exemptions were cancelled and conscription was enforced with severity.

This unpleasant experience was followed by the famous anti-conscriptionist elections of 1921, 1925, and 1926 in that Province. I had the experience, in those elections, of frequently hearing the most violent anti-British and anti-military statements made from public platforms by men who have since held very high posts in the public service, or in our legislative assemblies. I have known language which was nothing short of treasonable to be used in French by speakers before a mixed audience of English and French-speaking voters, while gentlemen who had held His Majesty's commission and served with distinction in the field sat in apparent approval on the same platform.

On the other hand, the critics of the Reserve Army are right, to the extent that this formation is not useful for the other purpose of a useful, i.e., the raising of recruits for active service. That arises from the fact that no attempt has been made to see that men admitted to the Reserve Army or a proportion of them would be available for active service. The gravest mistake in this direction was made when the thirty-day trainees were allowed to vanish from the scene, without being absorbed into the Reserve formations, or even without those trainees who had expressed willingness to go on active service being so absorbed. The new four months training system, with the special reten-

tion of the trainees with the colors for an indefinite period, need not have been adopted, in exactly its present form, if the thirty-day trainees who expressed willingness to enter the Active Army had been properly classified and enrolled in Reserve units to be called up as needed for active service.

On the general issue of the immediate adoption of conscription, I am sorry to say that I still remain unconvinced of the necessity or wisdom of the plan. Mr. Hanson Baldwin, one of the best informed United States military observers, has recently argued that the United States Government has made a mistake in sacrificing quality to quantity, by its adoption of conscription, and has pointed out that the need in North America at this moment is for garrison troops, plus some highly trained, hard hitting, fully equipped mobile divisions. The system of recruiting followed by the Canadian Government will come closer to that ideal than will the plan adopted at Washington.

There are plenty of reasons to criticize the Army program in Canada, but, on the whole, it is a refreshing example of good planning and governmental competence, in dealing with an extremely intricate problem, without having adequate command and organization personnel available at first. It can still be improved and will be.

The Real Trouble

The real trouble has, of course, been the lack of equipment until quite recently, and the very substantial lack of important items of equipment now, but that is to be blamed on the Department of Munitions and Supply not on the Army command, nor on the Ministry of National Defence. Next to the Air Service and the Navy, the Army is by far the best part of the Canadian war effort, contrasting very favorably with the clumsy adventures in the field of economic controls and production of material of war.

The great lack has been the absence of a formulated and fully executed program. It was easy to see, at the outbreak of war, that we should need several divisions of fully equipped mobile troops, plus a reserve capable of supplying reinforcements, plus a reserve of troops for home defence. This is still the need. It is in process of being filled, for it is well-known that the Army authorities now have a complete program, and the only danger is that well-meant criticism will now upset it.

The people to be criticized are not the Ministry of National Defence as this has existed since the spring of 1940, nor yet those men who enlisted in the Reserve Army for home defence. The bulk of those men were not of the classes likely to be available immediately for active service for reasons of age, physical condition and occupation. The bulk of the Reserve units for not publishing recruits for overseas is located at a body of patriotic citizens. It can do no good and may do much harm.

The troubles we have experienced must rest on the shoulders of the cheap politicians who used anti-conscription as an election issue in Quebec for years, on the "pinks" who taught our young men separatism, and on the successive governments of Canada who neglected the national defence. What is now wanted, in this field, is a little more patience, while the really useful present plans of the Army command are carried out, plus a great deal more determination on the part of the Army command to carry out its plans, and not to be diverted from them by careless and often unfair criticism.

Colonel Ralston has made him self vulnerable to fair criticism by his repeated discussion of the war as though the important thing was to defend the record of a party government. On the whole, as an Army administrator he has been definitely successful.

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The Canadian Active Army requires men for Artillery, Engineers, Signals,

Armoured Cars, Tanks, Infantry, Transport and Supply, Medical, Ordnance and other branches of the Service. The Army is prepared to teach many trades, and to train you to efficiently handle Canada's weapons of war.

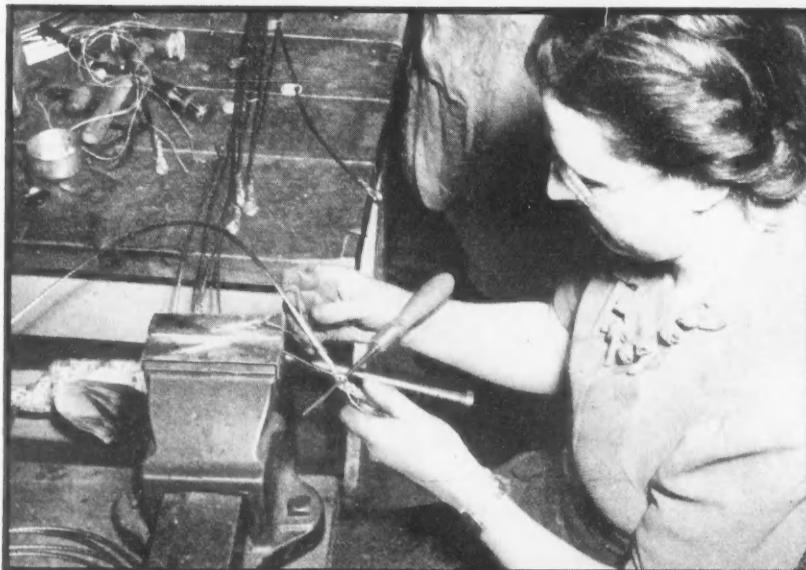
Go to your nearest District Recruiting Office. Find out about these Units; how they work, what they do. See just where you'll fit in. See where any particular skill you possess can best be utilized. Then join up for ACTION.

Apply to nearest District Recruiting Office

or

any Local Armoury

**DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENCE
CANADA**



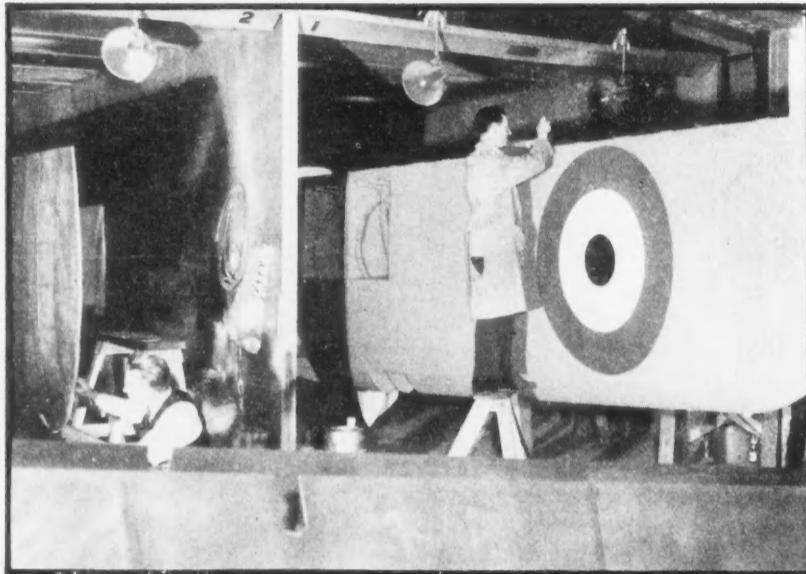
This special steel wire rope used for aircraft controls must be spliced in a certain way so that no strength is lost. It takes two or three weeks intensive training to learn the art.



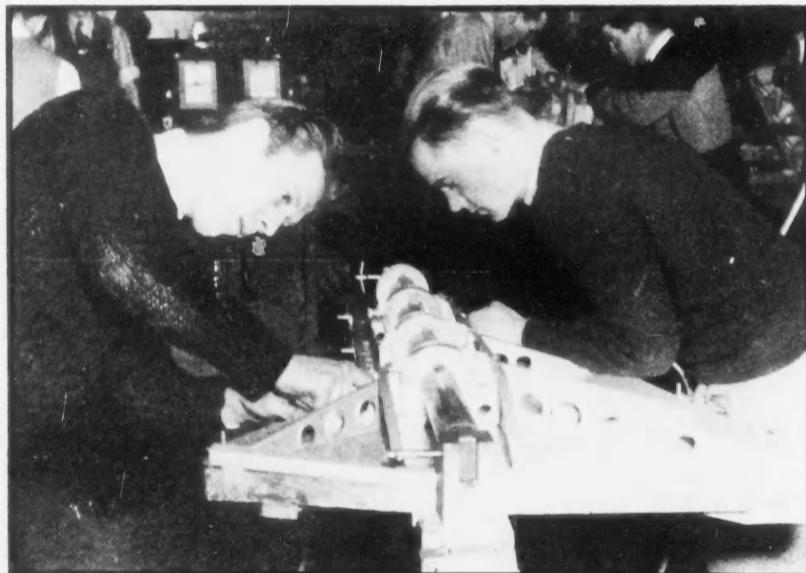
If one man were to build an airplane wing it would take 200 working days so intricate and painstaking is the task required to put the thousands of parts together.



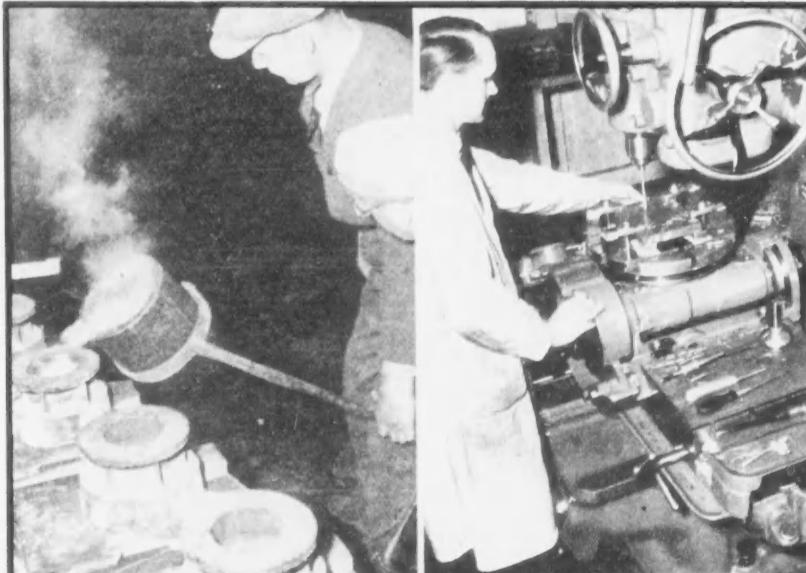
Pageant of transportation—across the sea, in the air, by rail or bus—could be given by the many products from the plants of the Ottawa Car and Aircraft Company.



For varnishing and doping aircraft special booths sixty feet long were built in this already overcrowded factory to accommodate the huge wing-spans of planes which one day may be carrying bombs to Berlin.



Because of the demand for speed in turning out aircraft this company took boys from technical school, gave them a thorough course of instruction, made them skilled workers and placed them on production.



Here is the birth of an airplane. Parts must be cast as shown in the moulding room of the company's plant.

This key machine housed in an air-conditioned room works to an accuracy of one ten-thousandth of an inch.

Parts For A Bomber A Day

A few days ago a big Hampden bomber flew over the plant of the Ottawa Car and Aircraft Co. Ltd. Because the majority of his employees were engaged in the production of parts for these and other fighting aircraft, the company's president, Redmond Quain, K.C., gave orders to department heads to allow the men and women to break off from their duties for a few minutes to witness the sight. Although for some months they had been closely associated with the manufacture of these bombers, to many of them it was their first close sight of a finished product.

As the huge graceful war machine circled over the factory with motors so quiet that they could scarcely be heard over the normal noises of the city, one young lady who performed one of the lighter tasks in the fabrication of the bomber, remarked:

"And to think we all had a part in that!"

If the work of this Company is indicative of the full endeavours being put forth by other factories and agencies throughout the Dominion then Canadians have a right to be proud of the contribution that industry is making and will make in the future to win the war.

The Ottawa Car and Aircraft Company is not a war "baby" but was organized for the peaceful purposes of manufacturing any product which could be made of steel or wood and was started in the days when wars were far from being the "all-out" affairs they have now become. For nearly seventy years, it has carried on the fabrication of a multitudinous variety of goods from small machine tools and parts to street railway trams. During this period it busied itself in the production of rolling stock for street railway companies operating in many Canadian centers. At the same time the company has been contributing to the supplying of big automobile coaches and also in seats and upholstery for our steam railways.

The Ottawa Car and Aircraft Company has had during its long history considerable experience in the produc-

tion of the tools of war. Its "war record" covers not only the months immediately preceding the present conflict but goes back to the 1914-1918 period and also to the earlier Boer War at the turn of the century. So when Canada became a belligerent in 1939, the management was not completely unprepared for its role of producer of fighting parts for the Canadian and British armies.

In the South African War it had supplied water cars, horse-drawn ambulances and other vehicles for the troops in the campaign against the Boers. During the last Great War, it manufactured 18-pound field guns and 4.5 howitzers, when everything was made in their plants except the barrels.

The introduction to aircraft came in 1913 in the form of an experiment when a plane was built to the specifications of one of their own men who later acted as pilot. The flimsy craft actually took to the air. The pilot was so amazed, as he later admitted, that he forgot how to operate the controls. The plane took matters into its own hands and nose-dived into the ground.

The mishap however did not deter the company from further aircraft interest. Following the Great War it made parts and reconditioned craft for the R.C.A.F. and civilian flying clubs in Canada. On the framework of this experience with aircraft, the company has enlarged its potentials tremendously since war began.

The present staff of 1500 represents an increase of 750 percent in less than two years. Its annual payroll is around \$2,500,000, and 275,000 square feet of factory and office space used in its operations. Each week the Company puts into aircraft production 40,000 hours of productive labour, which is the equivalent of a large bomber or 20 small trainers.

No aircraft plant anywhere turns out a complete machine from undercarriage to the last rivet—or anything like a complete machine—in its own plant. The productive power of a

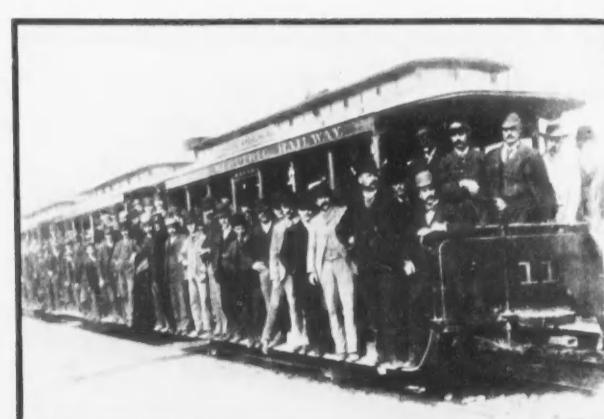
plant can only be computed in hours of productive labour per week. Many of the labour-hours go into making parts for other aircraft companies who in turn supply others with parts. Thus the sum total of one week's operations means the plant turns out one bomber complete.

A sidelight brings out the magnitude of detail and infinite precision that go into the operation of a war aircraft plant. Last Spring a job came to the Ottawa Car that required nearly twelve million pieces, never before made in Canada. These had to be made, inspected and stored and distributed to other aircraft companies—some deliveries due practically at once. Airplanes certainly are not put together like kitchen tables.

There are no laws more exacting than those of aerodynamics. Precision in plants like the Ottawa Car is a fetish. Some pieces are rejected should there exist in them an error so small that it must be measured by a machine capable of recording the expansion caused in a piece of metal by holding it in your warm hand. Lives of airmen depend upon sound workmanship and sound materials so the R.A.F. drew up severe specifications, some measurements that have to be precise to one ten-thousandth of an inch.

For such precise machines and tools, there must be well-trained labour. In the Ottawa Car Company plant part of this labour problem is solved by taking boys from technical schools and giving them special instruction. These boys are now working alongside skilled craftsmen, helping to keep abreast of strict production schedules.

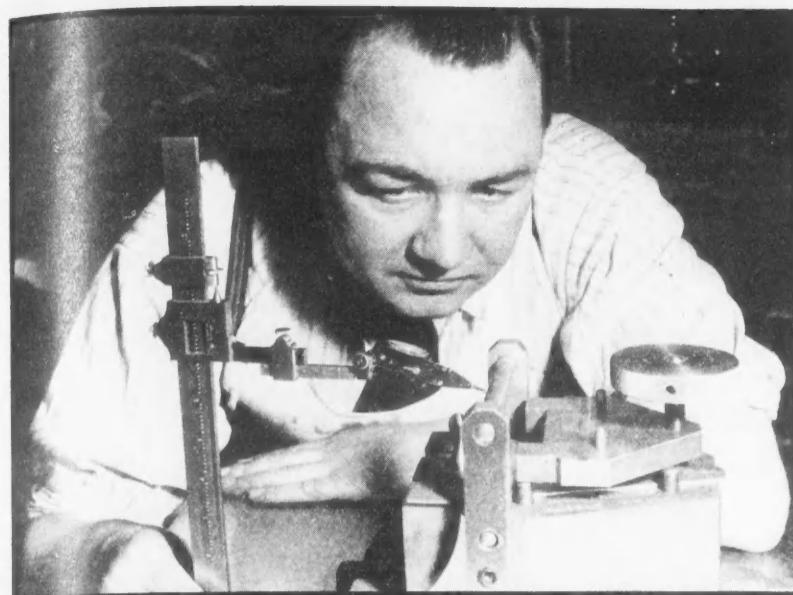
What will happen at the war's end to such plants? No one knows. Many think that war will popularize aircraft. Will the thousands of young men now in the Empire Air Training Plan abandon planes once peace comes? Not likely—not when the Ottawa Car and Aircraft Company figure they can turn out tiny hedge-hopping planes for as little as it takes to buy a low-priced car.



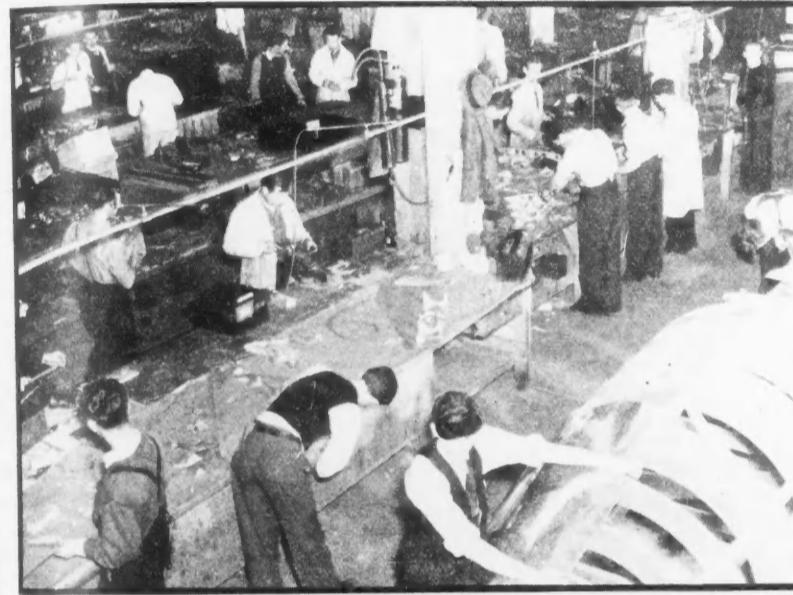
First street car to operate in Ottawa in 1893 was made by this company. Most of the trams in use today in cities across Canada come from this company.



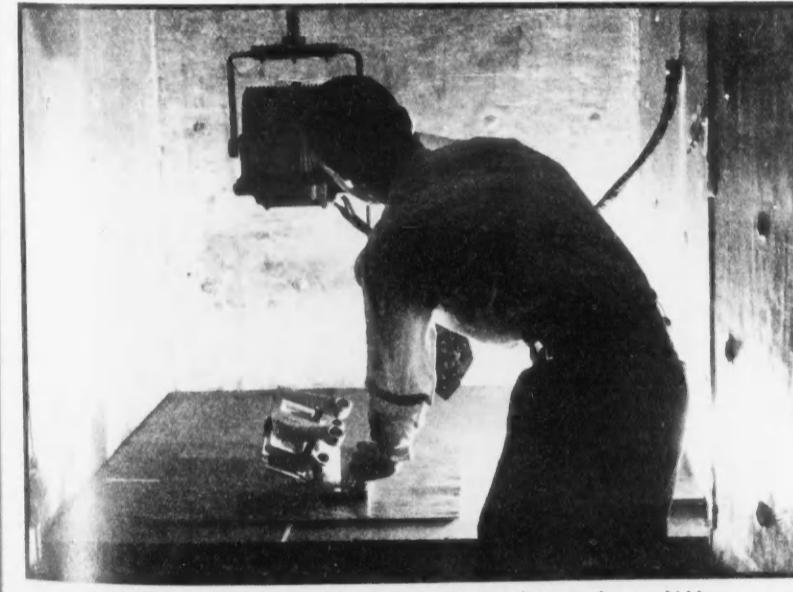
Building the tools of war is not a new job for the Ottawa Car and Aircraft Ltd. Here is a water cart manufactured for the troops in South Africa during Boer War days.



The man that makes the tools that make the airplanes must work to microscopic measurements, must employ all the skill and ingenuity of his craft to meet the rigid specifications of the R.C.A.F.



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It takes nearly two months to train a man to roll this metal covering for a modern fighting plane—rigid R.C.A.F. specifications insist it be done by hand rather than pressed out on machine.

BOOKS ON THE WAR

From de Gaulle to van Paassen

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

THE ARMY OF THE FUTURE, by General de Gaulle. Longmans, \$2.50.

TRUTH ON THE TRAGEDY OF FRANCE, by Elie J. Bois. Musson, \$2.50.

THE TIME IS NOW!, by Pierre van Paassen. Longmans, \$1.35.

STRATEGY OF THE AMERICAS, MacLiesh and Reynolds. Collins, \$3.00.

UNION NOW WITH BRITAIN, by Clarence Streit. Nelson, \$2.00.

COME THE THREE CORNERS, by Sir Harry Brittain. Ryerson, \$2.50.

EVERY book in this batch has a timely bearing on the war, even General de Gaulle's, which is several years old. I have read extracts from this famous plea for a professional mechanized army for France, but nothing prepared me for such an elegant and interesting treatise. On every count, knowledge of history, of geography, of men and machines, Frenchman and German, de Gaulle displays himself a master.

At another time he might have left a great mark on French military history; his misfortune was that during 1934-40 the spirit of the nation he was trying to rouse was hopelessly out of tune with his, as the spirit of Britain was out of tune with Churchill's. Britain is swinging to Churchill while a large part of her forces still remained intact and the Germans were still on the wrong side of the Channel; France is only now turning to de Gaulle, from the depths of its defeat.

There have been many indications lately, however, that the de Gaulle movement is causing both the German and the Vichy authorities increasing concern, and from now on it should pick up momentum rapidly in France and the colonies. Ever since last June Frenchmen have been trickling out by scores and hundreds to join his free army. Soon they will come by the thousand. If London and Washington sever all relations with Vichy, de Gaulle may at last have his chance to commission the three French battleships and four cruisers held in British ports and, with Lease-Lend aid, outfit a real army—though it was hardly under these circumstances that he contemplated the formation of the French Army of the Future.

The Fall of France

At a moment when the Men of Vichy are carrying to its logical conclusion the capitulation which they began as the Men of Bordeaux, M. Elie Bois's account of the personal and political rivalries leading up to that tragic and terribly misguided act is most interesting and enlightening. Interesting it is far, far more than that. It is alive, throbbing; without animosity, but with unexcelled information, deep understanding and burning sincerity the former editor of the *Petit Parisien* gives us here what really impresses one as the Truth on the Tragedy of France.

Reading over this wretched tale one feels convinced that in spite of all that had been done or hadn't been done up to the Spring of 1940, and in spite of the rather low state of French morale, the end needn't have come as it did. General Delattre proved on the Aisne "that where there were leaders the soldiers of France stopped the horde of iron and steel"; while de Gaulle showed at Abbeville that if France's 2,000 tanks had been gathered together under his command they might have sufficed for a dynamic defence. Had Reynaud replaced Gamelin even in April, as he tried to do; had de Gaulle accepted the Secretaryship of the War Cabinet and been at the side of the high-strung and well-meaning but unstable Premier the whole time, instead of Baudouin, who appears in this story as one of the chief in-

trigues for capitulation; had Mandel's proposal that resistance be carried on in Brittany, with Brest as the connecting link with Britain and America, been adhered to, instead of the arrangements being cancelled at the last minute and the flight of the government directed to Bordeaux; had Reynaud, or Herriot and Jeanneney, the Speakers of Chamber and Senate, all three strong for continuation of the war, called parliament—had any of these things come about, the story would have been different. Instead of the Germans being in Syria and North Africa, the French would be powerfully installed there, protected by their full fleet and a sizable air force and army, our control of the Mediterranean could never have been challenged, nor France dishonored and her future sorely prejudiced.

More on Union Now

Clarence Streit would have *Union Now With Britain*. The overrunning of France and the other Western and Northern European democracies which he had included in his original scheme for union has only urged him to write an even more passionate plea for the immediate union of the United States and the British Commonwealth, in order to save what still remains of the free world.

Here is the biggest idea in the world, the idea of a world state. It is so big, in fact, that it is impossible to settle down to thinking it over in the midst of the day-to-day demands of the war. However, anyone watching the steadily growing co-operation between the United States and the British Commonwealth in order to win the war must wonder in what form it will be continued so as to secure the peace.

And if the Americans only offer us a minority of the seats in the Union Parliament, counting all of their negroes but none of our Indians or Nigerians as "self-governing", are we to receive their great offer with the same suspicion as the French Cabinet at Bordeaux accorded our momentous offer of union last June? "They want to make France another Dominion," said the Men of Bordeaux. "They want to make us the 49th, 50th, 51st and-so-on States" is the suspicion which meets this American proposal. It may be unworthy, but it is very natural and healthy, and it will prove a greater practical obstacle to the fulfilment of Streit's great idea than the drafting of an agreeable constitution.

I, for one, cannot conceive of the British Commonwealth entering such a union on less than equal terms. And I wonder how close a union would prove practicable between the monarchic sentiment and the infinite adaptability to local conditions which characterize British rule and the reverence for the Constitution and Supreme Court which provide the stable element in American government, which has otherwise become rule, pure and simple by "counting noses."

But here is an endless subject. While we are on it, however, let me recommend a delightful little book on the U.S.A. (Oxford, 75c), by Professor D. W. Brogan of Cambridge, recently author of an outstanding work on the French Republic. A sample from Brogan: "Nevada was invented as a state to give extra electoral votes to Lincoln in 1861, and it lives off dear silver and easy divorce, the price of both being, in fact, regulated by the legal activities of the Union." In the same well-illustrated Oxford series is *America's Economic Strength*, by C. J. Hitch of Oxford University.

In conclusion, just a brief mention of Sir Harry Brittain's *Come The Three Corners* (Ryerson, \$2.50), a generously illustrated account of the war effort of every part of the Empire and Commonwealth; and R. W. Rowan's *Terror In Our Time* (Longmans, \$4.00), a somewhat pretentious account of secret service activities in Europe since the last war, whose revelations are never quite so sensational as the language leads one to expect.

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Why Suez Is Very Difficult To Attack

BY COL. R. R. THOMPSON

The Nazis are going to have a very unpleasant time attacking Egypt and the Suez Canal, for nature has given them remarkably strong defences.

First, there is the desert with its lack of water. Water is the most vital consideration in desert warfare. The Delta of the Nile, at the western end of which lies Alexandria, has been in the past almost impenetrable to an invader. The Nile itself is an immense anti-tank barrier. The Moslems and the Jews alike revere the sacred places of Palestine and would regard their fall into pagan Nazi hands as unthinkable pollution.

Failure in this campaign will be disastrous for Germany, thinks Col. Thompson, who knows the country well, having taken part in campaigns in Sinai and Palestine.

EGYPT and Palestine are two of the most important strategic countries of the world. Between them lies the desert-peninsula of Sinai, the 120-miles-wide bridge between Africa and Asia. Along the edge of this bridge runs the Suez Canal, connecting the Indian Ocean with the Mediterranean Sea and the Atlantic. Here, for thousands of years, have crossed two of the greatest trade-routes of the world.

Egypt is the Nile, and the Nile is Egypt, and this great river with its ships and railways forms a good avenue of communication to the lakes and mountains of Abyssinia and the heart of Africa. This thin strip of silver, edged with green, amidst the desert-sands, with its broad flat delta, is what makes possible a strong and wealthy country in North-East Africa. To the east of

the Sinai, within that deeply-carved mass of lime-stone, the mountains of Palestine, lies Jerusalem, sacred to three of the greatest religions of the world, Christianity, Islam and Judaism. To the first two it is sacred because of the memories of Christ. To the Moslems He is a great prophet. To all it is sacred because of Old Testament associations. For this city and its land to be fouled by falling into the power of the pagan and utterly dishonored Nazis would be unthinkable pollution.

For thousands of years Egypt's great protective barriers against land-attack from the east and west have been sandy deserts, and such deserts are the most difficult of all military barriers. No man can live without water much longer than two days in the heat of an African desert, and water is difficult to carry because of its weight, and need of special containers. Water will seep through the tiniest hole or crack, and be lost for ever in the sands, and also it evaporates. All strategy in desert-warfare depends on water-supplies, and every desert-battle is fought for water, because the defenders know that, if they can deny it to the attackers, their enemies must die of thirst where they are, or retire and probably die in retreat over the desert. Attackers can only remain in front of a defended position so long as their water lasts.

The Sand Problem

Food, also, is a problem, because there are no supplies in the desert; again, absence of landmarks makes it easy to lose direction and get lost; but the most vital problem in desert-warfare is water-supply. With it must be coupled the sand-storm, a vile nuisance when in the shelter of buildings, but capable of smothering the parched traveller to death in the desert. If the desert surface is of heavy sand, it is a terrible drag on wheels and feet. Even with flanged tyres and pedrals, rapid and long marches are impossible for an army, and wire-netting roads can only be laid after an army has advanced. The camel, alone, can cross soft sand easily, but its carrying capacity is limited to a few ewts, and its speed to about two miles per hour. If the desert has a hard surface, motorized vehicles can move anywhere at considerable speed, and, being machines, they have no feelings and can keep going so long as they have fuel and their drivers can last. Such vehicles can carry stores of water to last several days, but after that they must be replenished. Light armored vehicles have revolutionized desert-warfare, but they have not eliminated the water-problem, which increases, as the army to be moved over the desert increases in size, and increases more rapidly.

Oases of palm-trees are usually few and quite insufficient in size to hide an army, so that there is an almost complete absence of overhead cover in a sandy desert. Because of this, it is impossible for an army to move unobserved in the day-time, if its enemy possesses an efficient air-force. The vulnerability of a moving army in day-time to bombing attacks is obvious. To hide in the day-time, when halted, requires proper camouflage equipment, such as nets and so on. Only

at night can an army move in comparative safety over the desert.

For these reasons, and because of the manner in which modern weapons favor the defence, a defending army, of reasonable strength, has immense advantages in desert warfare.

Our fleet, with its command of the Mediterranean, is based principally on Alexandria. This sea-port

is a very difficult place to attack by land. It lies at the western end of the Delta, about mid-way on a spit of sand, 28 miles in length, and which in some places is less than a mile in width. To the north of this sandy spit is the sea, and to the south the marshy Lake Mareotis. Nevertheless, steady air attacks would impair the value of Alexandria as a naval base very much, and,

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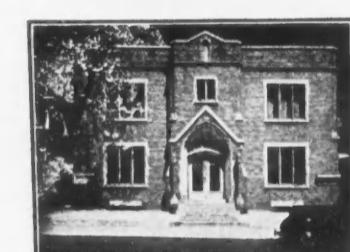
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The Delta of the Nile forms, roughly, a triangle, with sides each of about 125 miles. Its base is on the sea, and Cairo, on the eastern bank of the Nile, is at its apex. Apart from low and scattered hills, it is absolutely flat. Its area is bounded and seamed by arms of the Nile, and is a maze of irrigation canals, muddy and unfordable. Its soil is soft and black, bad for vehicles and horses which get off its roads. It has very few through roads. For these reasons the Delta of the Nile, for thousands of years, has been almost impenetrable to an invader, if defended by an army of any strength and led with skill. Today there are parachute-troops and rubber-boats, but there are also machine-guns, anti-tank artillery, and automobiles to move them rapidly to the threatened points. Also, the water-supply problem of a mechanized army, which has crossed the desert and reached the Nile, an immense anti-tank barrier, remains pregnant with disaster. Drinking the Nile water might bring an epidemic in seven days. Such an army must attack, and successfully, before its water-supply gives out. South of Cairo there is only the Nile to be crossed, and the Nile railway follows its western bank, but the further an enemy army moves south to avoid the Delta, the greater will be its desert communications, its vulnerability to air attack, and its water requirements. The writer believes that anything more than a raid, or an advance by a very small force, through the Siwa, Baharia, Idiada, Farafra, Dakhla, Kharga or other oases is practically impossible, and especially in the summer heat now on the desert. The Nile and its delta remain great barriers defending the Suez Canal from an attack from Libya.



General Sir John Dill, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, who, with Anthony Eden and General Wavell, mapped Britain's military campaign in the Mediterranean theatre of war.

advance from the north, which would probably be the main British line of defence from an attack on the Canal through Syria. Without command of the sea, the only way round it is by an advance across the Syrian Desert to the east, which would have immense difficulties of food and water-supply for an army sufficiently large for such an attack against a strong British army and air force. The only feasible way through is by frontal attack across the Plain of Esdraelon, to try to force the passes of Dothan and Musmus through the mountain-arm running to Carmel. Greece has shown what the casualties of the attackers would be.

Time to Prepare

For the British, the task of defending this line would be very different to that of defending the great mountain positions of Greece, where

they had no time to fortify the passes before the Germans broke through Yugoslavia, and where they never had enough troops to defend the front line, and quite insufficient for any defence in depth. Here, in Palestine, although the mountains are not so formidable as the Greek, the British have had time to prepare positions. Also the army available is more nearly adequate. The northern frontage would be 40 miles, as the crow flies, and the eastern about 50, and there would probably be a mobile force in the desert east of the Jordan. Behind lie sea-routes almost free from enemy attack, except by air in the Canal, and the vast supplies of India and elsewhere. We see how, in the last analysis, the strength of the British army in Palestine is dependent on our merchant navy.

For the Germans, the question is how they can get into French-Syria an army sufficiently strong for this campaign. With Fifth Column tactics and the help of "tourists" and parachute-troops, will they seize French Syria? Darlan with his despicable Vichy crew have already sold the Germans the right to use French aerodromes in Syria.

Can they ferry across sufficient troops, light artillery, and light tanks in troop-carrying planes by way of the Greek Islands? Will they get sufficient heavy artillery, equipment, and supplies from the French in Syria? Can they get sufficient ammunition into Syria to sustain such an attack?

Treachery is Hitler's "Secret Weapon," but Moslem peoples dislike Nazism, and they know the subservient role cast for them in his "New Order." Without the friendly eye of Stalin, and the holding-down of Turkey by Russia, such an attempt on Suez would be a tremendous gamble. Failure would be most disastrous for Germany, but how could she get oil from Irak with the British Fleet commanding the Eastern Mediterranean?

As in 1914-18, Germany will attack until she collapses.

Canal's Defence Line

The Sinai desert has a little more vegetation, such as camel-weed cactus, thorn scrub, and palm trees, than the Libyan, and commences directly on the eastern bank of the Suez Canal. Along the sea-coast runs a railway into Palestine, following the caravan route which has been used from time immemorial. This desert is smaller and not such a barrier as the Libyan, although in 1916 the British awaited an invading German and Turkish army near the Latia oasis, about 26 miles east of the canal, defeating it with heavy loss; but in those days neither aeroplanes nor mechanized warfare was developed as today. To defend the canal from an eastern attack today it will be necessary to have a line of defence much further east.

The mountains of Palestine are really an immense massif rising to above 3,000 feet, its sides gashed by innumerable deep and precipitous gorges and nullahs. To the east it is bounded by the valley of the Jordan, so deep that for the whole of its length from the Sea of Galilee to the Dead Sea it is below the level of the Mediterranean. The heat of this valley in summer-time may be imagined; it cannot be described. This massif shuts in the coastal plain of Palestine by shooting out an arm north-westward, 1,500 feet or more above sea-level, and running into the sea as Mount Carmel. To the north, below this ridge, lies the Plain of Esdraelon, the site of Megiddo, and the Valley of Jezreel. Across the plain to the north are Little Hermon and the mountains of Nazareth. The French-Syrian border runs through the mountains north-west of Galilee, reaching the sea only 20 miles north of Haifa, a secondary base of our Mediterranean Fleet and terminus of the Irak oil pipe line.

It is this Palestinian massif, protected to the east by the deep valley of the Jordan, beyond which lies the Syrian desert, and with its arm running to Mount Carmel, barring an

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IN SPITE of the demands of the situation in the Middle East, I feel that a discussion of the progress of the general air war can't be put off any longer. If we win the air war over Germany then Hitler won't get much use out of Syria or Suez, Egypt or Iraq should he win them. Or, as Winston put it long ago: What will it profit Hitler though he stand on the shores of the Caspian or at the gates of India, if the industrial heart of Germany is being smashed?

We can hardly say yet that we are smashing the industrial heart of Germany; but neither is Hitler yet on the shores of the Caspian or at the gates of India. Certainly, however, the air war picture presents an astounding change from last year. Then the Germans swarmed over Southern Britain by daylight, while we answered by night against the invasion ports and with economical raids against German rail junctions and oil installations. Now the Germans, who never believed in night raiding and did little training in it before last fall, come over Britain only by night, and we not only answer with night raids of almost equal weight against German cities, but with increasingly bold daylight sweeps over the occupied Channel coast and occasionally deep into Holland and Northwestern Germany.

When we read of the heavy night raids on British ports and cities let us not forget that the Germans would much prefer to come in daylight, but dare not. And now, after long anguishing months of development and training it almost seems as if we would soon be able to curb the night raids. Fifteen night raiders brought down in February, 49 in March, 90 in April and double that promised for May (139 up to mid-month, but the full moon is past). This figure only needs to be doubled once more and night raiding will have become a very expensive business for Herr Goering. If the *Luftwaffe* might stand the loss of 400 bombers a month, it hardly could the loss of 1500-2000 experienced night fliers.

Our Raids Are Good

If the Germans were just as near to checking our night raids over Germany then there wouldn't be so much to cheer about. But all British experts agree that they are not. At the beginning of May, when we were starting to hang up our record-breaking score of successes against

THE HITLER WAR

The Air War in 1941

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

the German raiders, our planes returned for three nights in a row from heavy attacks on Germany without loss. Other nights our loss was two, three or four machines, although in one very heavy attack, the heaviest we have made during the war, we lost 10 out of an estimated 300-400 machines. On the night the Germans lost 34 bombers over London, we lost 7 in wide and varied operations over Germany. But our bombers picked off 2 German night fighters for certain and several others probably, giving a still better balance on the night's work.

If we were to go in for purely indiscriminate bombing of the German cities, our pilots could stay higher and come in for less anti-aircraft fire. The huge American bombers with their pressure cabins for stratosphere flying would be particularly adapted to this sort of thing, and ahead of anything else in the world. I personally think that we shall have to come to this and that it may be the only way we can stop the Germans from destroying such historic monuments as the Abbey, Westminster Hall and St. Paul's. Nor do I believe that because British morale has stood up to steady pounding German morale necessarily will. William L. Shirer, long Columbia's correspondent in Berlin, told over the CBC recently how morale sank steadily there last Fall under persistent if light attacks, directed specifically against military targets. The weight of our attack has since increased immensely. In the raid made by 300-400 British bombers on Hamburg May 8, nearly a thousand tons of explosives were dropped (against 250 tons dropped by the Germans one night last September on London, and 447 tons one night in November on Coventry). And this RAF effort is still based almost entirely on British-built planes, including the excellent new Avro *Manchester*, mounting two Rolls-Royce Vulture 1750 h.p. motors, the giant 4-motored Short *Stirling*, and improved versions of the *Wellington*, still one of the finest bombers in the world, the *Whitley* and the *Hampden*. The American

production of high-class heavy bombers, now being so swiftly expanded, has hardly entered the picture yet. By next fall and winter the Germans, who are so fond of launching wars on other peoples' territory, are going to feel for themselves what war means. Such is their psychology that, like a bad boy or a bad dog, it seems they can only learn through a severe whipping.

New Types Ready

Meanwhile the resumption of daylight skirmishing between fighter patrols along the Channel coast reminds us that there is always the possibility that the Germans may make another bid for daylight air supremacy. They are at least not likely to do it before they have new fighter models available in quantity, such as the twin-engined Focke-Wulf with the double-boom tail mounting. None has yet been mentioned in action, but then we know that we have new *Typhoon* and *Whirlwind* fighters, which have not yet been mentioned in action. From what is rumored of the *Typhoon*, it sounds as though it might prove the outstanding fighter of 1941. According to accounts appearing in American aviation magazines, it is powered with a Rolls-Royce Vulture and armed with eight machine-guns and three cannon! This may well be, as British tradition is to pack in the armament. At any rate there is no reason to believe that we are losing the qualitative lead in planes, or that another German challenge would end differently from the last. And once again, we take no account of the large numbers of American fighters pouring over to Britain, the *Airacobras*, *Tomahawks*, *Buffalos*, and soon the Lockheed *Lightnings*.

It is more likely, in fact, that by fall we shall be setting the pace in daylight attack, with such fine light bombers as the Douglas *Boston* and the sensational new medium bomber, the Martin *Flying Torpedo*, convoyed by fighters, harassing the enemy all along the Channel and North Sea coast and far inland. When the initiative really passes into our hands, the Germans will find out what it is to try to defend a coastline stretching all the way from Narvik to Bordeaux.

For the present these far-flung flanks serve the Germans well as bases in the Air Battle of the Atlantic. They claimed that out of 740,000 tons of British and Allied shipping sunk in February, 190,000 tons were sunk by aerial action. This latter figure is probably an even greater exaggeration than the total. In practice relatively few ships appear to be sunk at sea by aerial action (and these mostly by fire) but a great many damaged. At a guess I would say that as much as two million tons, or a tenth of our shipping, might be kept constantly under repair in this way. It is only when shipping is caught by dive bombers close inshore and poorly protected, as in the evacuation of Greece, that a lot of sinkings result. And even then, the British statement declared that only two of our destroyers and four transports (of which only one was loaded) were sunk, the remainder of the 187,000 tons lost apparently consisting of Greek shipping bombed right at its moorings.

Destruction of Ports

The threat of the bombers in the Battle of the Atlantic is probably greatest at the ports. After straying all over the map, trying every sort of tactic and hitting at every sort of objective in Britain since last June, the Germans have recently concentrated their bombing in earnest on the ports. They pick one out and hit at it every night for a week, to gain the cumulative effect of the disruption. It is according to

their best text-book doctrine, but they have been surprisingly slow in getting around to it. What success are they having? A recent semi-official admission from London said that one port had been destroyed (presumably Plymouth) and another seriously damaged (presumably Liverpool). The latter is the most important port in Britain now that so much less use can be made of London. But there are 286 other ports in Britain, and we know that they will carry on somehow. Besides, as we have said, there is the hope that the night-raiding fury which smashed Plymouth and damaged the Merseyside may be considerably tamed in the near future.

If enemy planes don't sink a great deal of our shipping in the Atlantic, does it follow that our patrol planes sink few U-boats? Exactly how much success they have had, or what proportion of the U-boat killings fall to them, we are not told; and, of course, this cannot be accurately known, as nothing is more uncertain than the fate of a U-boat which has been attacked. On one occasion in the last war we apparently smashed one thoroughly with depth charges and even picked up prisoners, including the commanding officer; yet that U-boat made its way 3000 miles back to Germany!

Need More Patrols

Spotting and attacking U-boats is not, however, the sole purpose of our Atlantic air patrols. There are the enemy's air raiders to be chased off, and above all, the co-operation between enemy planes and U-boats, which leads to the ambushing of convoys, broken up. So the call is for more and more air patrols, and the U.S. Under-Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Forrestal, just returned from London, seems to have recommended these even ahead of convoys.

To the giant Short *Sunderland* and the splendid Lockheed *Hudson*, we have lately added numbers of Blackburn *Bothas* and Consolidated *Catalinas* for this work. The Americans, already patrolling 1000 miles east of Newfoundland, seem eager to try out small auxiliary carriers, carrying about 30 fighter planes, to go along with the convoys, or pick them up at mid-ocean. We ought to have three or four more of the *Illustrious* type carrier in commission this year, some of which might be available for Atlantic patrol. Bases in Ireland and the Azores would, of course, be better than a dozen carriers.



General de Gaulle, leader of the Free French Forces, chats with Gen. Sir Archibald Wavell in Cairo. Early this week it was rumored that Vichy was granting Germany permission to cross French territory to strike at De Gaulle's army in Equatorial Africa.

Another very important part of the Air Battle of the Atlantic is our bombing of the German U-boat building yards at Kiel, Emden, Hamburg and Bremen, which has been heavy and consistent for the past many weeks. Then there has been the apparently successful pounding of the redoubtable raiders *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*, which ran up such high sinking figures in their cruise far out into the Atlantic during February and March. And finally, our own war against German shipping is by no means to be passed over. Hardly a day goes by but one or two German supply ships are torpedoed by our *Beauforts* along the North Sea coast, and the Admiralty has from time to time announced astonishing totals of enemy shipping destroyed.

To sum up the main air war between Britain and Germany (I have not been able to even touch the air war in the Mediterranean and Middle East), though much grievous punishment of British cities and ports must still be expected, there are a number of factors that justify a solid confidence that we shall gain the upper hand, perhaps before this year is out. There is the splendid improvement in the night radar score, the general qualitative superiority of British planes and pilots, the gigantic American plane production developing beyond Hitler's reach and being ferried across the Atlantic to the battle zone, and the full flow of pilots and air crew personnel now coming from the Commonwealth Training Scheme here in Canada. And this doesn't even include the possible open participation of the U.S. Air Corps.

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SOURCES of the continued pressure for Mr. Mackenzie King to go to London and participate in something of the nature of an Empire War Cabinet are difficult to locate. Much of it proceeds from people who honestly believe that this would increase the efficiency of the joint effort of the democratic belligerents. Much of it however also proceeds from people who would like to diminish Mr. King's control of affairs in Canada by having him at a safe distance when the next crisis breaks; and much of it, oddly enough, seems to proceed from people who would like to diminish Mr. Churchill's control of the policies of Great Britain.

Mr. Churchill is so thoroughly the indispensable man of the hour in Great Britain that any cabinet with which he might surround himself would have to recognize his towering authority; but his present cabinet is said to be almost reverential in its attitude, and the elements in British politics (there still are such elements) which do not greatly like Mr. Churchill are anxious to check his power by introducing some mildly discordant personalities. I do not suggest that Mr. King would personally be a discordant personality as regards Mr. Churchill, and that is not the idea. The idea is that an Empire War Cabinet containing several vigorous figures, none of whom would be responsible to the same British electorate which now hangs on Mr. Churchill's every word, and each of whom would have to consider the views and feelings of a distant Dominion, would have much less solidarity and would be occasionally so divided that Mr. Churchill would have to make compromises in order to get along. I do not want to suggest that all of the British advocates of an Empire War Cabinet are inclined to appeasement; but there are still appeasers in Great Britain, and they may well think that appeasement would have a better chance in a consultative group containing men who have to think of the attitudes of the French-Canadians, the Boers and the extreme left-wing Laborites of Australia, none of whom have had any firsthand experience of German

FROM WEEK TO WEEK

Should Mr. King Go to London?

BY B. K. SANDWELL

bombing, than in a cabinet wholly composed of representatives of British constituencies.

THAT such a cabinet could have any but an obstructive influence on the conduct of the war seems somewhat improbable. There is certainly no lack of exchange of information between the Commonwealth Governments at the present time; indeed at no previous time in history has the exchange been more complete or more rapid. What is lacking, and what must inevitably be lacking in the relations between what are to all intents and purposes so many totally separate nations carrying on the war as allies, is the frank and public statement of requirements and capabilities, which would enable the public as well as the politicians of all the countries involved to judge of the adequacy of their respective policies. We in Canada, for example, know that the British have not asked for more than we are doing; but we also know that for reasons of tact the British would not be likely to ask officially, over the signature of King George in the right of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, for any more than we are doing. We do not know, and should not know, even if there were an Empire War Cabinet sitting every weekday and every alternate Sunday, what the British really think they ought to get from Canada. (I do not think the British Gov-

ernment of Australia, and even so there is a great difference between a flying visit and the prolonged stay which would be necessary if any profit were to be derived from the workings of an Empire War Cabinet.

So long as one does not think about it too seriously, the idea that Mr. King should go to London is exactly the kind of thing to evoke loud patriotic cheers. But things of that kind need thinking about, and in this kind of business thinking is pretty sure to diminish enthusiasm.

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overnment has ever asked the Government of Eire to abandon its neutrality, though it has asked it to restore certain Irish ports to their former British control and been refused; but I have not the slightest doubt that the British would be overjoyed, and the war effort of our side would be materially advanced, if Eire became a belligerent. The point is that an Empire War Cabinet would do nothing to improve this delicate situation as between the belligerent Dominions and the mother country, and would probably make the problems of the rulers of the Dominions much greater, by intensifying the suspicions of parts of their populations that they were being committed to undertakings determined upon by a body in which each Dominion had but a single representative who might be overpersuaded by his more numerous colleagues. Communications between the Commonwealth Governments could be no franker nor more public with an Empire War Cabinet than they are at present, and indeed, because of the complete secrecy of cabinet proceedings, might be considerably less so.

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THIS is a total war of men, money, machines and morale. So we are constantly warned by those in authority. Men are recruited. Money is gathered on a staggering scale. Machines rise everywhere. All this activity is organized in a comparatively scientific fashion. What about morale?

"Morale," we are told, "is what we really have over the dictatorships! Morale in a democracy is superb. Our morale will win the war!"

The truth is that Canada has taken a number of drastic measures which, in the light of scientific information available, will more or less rapidly undermine the morale of our population. It is not to be thought that these destructive measures have been deliberate although they could hardly be more evil in their effect. Rather, Canada's national morale has been abandoned with typical insouciance, to the newspapers, the clergy, and certain "experts" whose psychology derives from the beard-and-bustle era and whose authority is that of a

Right, Wrong, and the Muddle Way

BY H. DYSON CARTER

corporal in the sergeant's mess. Only the newspapers and magazines have raised scattered objections to this scheme of things, in editorial protests against the more incredible morale-destroying measures.

Here are a few facts taken at random from current scientific literature:

1) Morale is more unstable and tends to collapse more quickly in warring countries not subjected to actual war.

2) Without healthy civilian morale, "men, money and machines" are useless.

3) Unscientific methods of speeding production and collecting money for war can do far more harm than good.

4) Often officials under strain tend towards abnormal behavior, typically the "Iron Heel" attitude, with disastrous results because they are beyond advice or control.

5) Already on this continent and in Britain costly situations have followed morale failures.

6) In the United States, emergency psychological precautions are being taken on a national scale, under presidential orders.

7) It is time to realize that Nazi morale is scientifically studied and bolstered by means other than the Gestapo.

Subtle Degenerations

Your reporter is unable to find any published study of Canadian wartime morale. However, if American scientists are correct in their conclusions and program, *Canada's financial war effort is definitely taking a suicidal trend*.

Not because the budget totals are overwhelming, or the tax burden necessarily unbearable. But because of the increasing number of financially unimportant schemes being put into effect. Schemes which violate psychological knowledge of morale and its defense. Schemes which defeat their professed purposes. Schemes which are, to a really astounding degree, directly opposed to scientific recommendations made in the United States.

Two general catastrophes may result from the collapse of morale. The individual may give way, or there may be anti-social tendencies on a mass scale. In a country like Canada—at war but experiencing war second hand—such effects as panic and terror are not to be expected. Unfortunately, the more subtle degenerations are more menacing. Here are examples.

The individual: Not long ago a trusted, competent, normal, defence employee, tensed and anxious because of speed-up and lack of recreation, went "loco" and destroyed a great quantity of priceless equipment which cannot be replaced.

The population: Blitzkrieg neurosis is a group illness under actual war conditions. Similarly, a common "depression-enthusiasm" mental sickness is now affecting masses of people. Among its symptoms are excessive joy or gloom over daily news. Also a sudden unconscious rebellion against unscientifically planned campaigns to save and give money, resulting in wild spending sprees.

Lack of Psychology

Exactly what aspects of our financial efforts are scientifically misguided? Before listing a few it should be pointed out that Mr. Ilsley's department can act swiftly to change rulings, when expert financial pressure is applied; for example, in lifting the taxes on foreign-held bonds. These changes represent corrected mistakes in policy. Far more serious morale mistakes have been made. But Canada has no psychological advisers in evidence. We have a National Committee for Mental Hygiene, energetic and eager to aid. What use is made of this Committee?

as restorative reading! Children who gobble up Superman and Flash are healthier than children deprived of such reading. Youngsters who read and listen to war news are already filling the psychopathic waves in the United States.

The government has put super-taxes on cosmetics. This apparently in the face of a widely circulated American recommendation to the effect that cosmetics, beauty parlors and everything associated with feminine personal improvement should not be restricted, but extended and officially encouraged! Scientific psychology concludes that feminine morale cannot possibly be viewed as a luxury by today's standards. No sourpuss arguments can disprove this. The super-tax on cosmetics discriminates against those women who most need relief from strain in home and at work. It is a vicious anti-morale measure.

The super-tax on amusements and travel needs no comment. It came as a shock which seems to have paralyzed criticism.

The United States, whose war effort is now no less energetic than Canada's, and is in addition scientifically planned, is definitely committed to a policy of no restriction on recreation, simple luxuries or reading matter. What about us? So far, our national "campaigns" have been antiquated in method, based on mass anxiety over vague horrors-to-come. The pernicious and fatal victory-by-suffering idea is everywhere propagated. In the "propaganda" movies our ships are always sunk, Britain is always bombed, everybody is kicked in the guts except Hitler. Everything we do is secret!

"Is there a psychologist in the House?" We had better find one quickly. South of the border they are mobilizing six thousand morale specialists. How about lease-lending us some of these brains, Mr. Roosevelt? S.O.S!



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Excitement in Canada's Moving Picture Industry

BY DONALD FIELDS

Two developments of general interest are taking place in Canada's moving picture industry.

From last Monday on patrons of movie houses throughout Canada have been paying a tax of 20 per cent on the admission price and are receiving an extra ticket acknowledging that, for the purpose of financing Canada's war effort, they have paid a tax on their amusement.

In 1939 Canadians paid \$34 millions for movie admissions. Last year they paid more; the exact figures are not yet available. Mr. Ilsley budgeted for a revenue of \$8 millions from the new tax for this year, which means that he expects takings of \$40 millions. The writer is satisfied that he will get it, in other words, that the tax will not depress the movie business.

Before enumerating the new indirect taxes on expenditures the Minister said in his budget speech they were "taxes on expenditures which are, to a considerable degree, overt evidence of the existence of surplus income. At other times taxes on expenditures are undesirable deterrents to the expansion of employment. In the circumstances of today this defect becomes a virtue."

Shifts in Business

Now, a movie theatre does not require more employees when every performance is sold out than it requires when it is not sold out. It does not require more materials of any kind when its business is good than when it is not quite so good. Therefore there is no "virtue" in the movie tax.

We said the tax will not depress the movie business. However, a shift will take place. A man who pays 75 cents admission in a downtown theatre will cheerfully pay the extra 15 cents, in spite of all other taxes. More and more people will be able to pay higher admission prices, partly because they make greater profits, partly because their wages and salaries rise. But more and more people, on the other hand, whose incomes do not rise, will need the 5 or 6 extra cents for milk or butter for their children.

Thus the tax is not only economically ineffective but socially unjust. It hits not only the small man but also the small exhibitor who runs

The author of this article sets out that the 20 per cent movie tax which came into force last Monday is economically ineffective and socially unjust. He suggests that it be made progressive and that children's matinees be entirely exempted.

The resignation of the president of Famous Players Canadian Corporation is an indication of the struggle for control of Canada's movie industry.

the "neighborhood theatre" of the small man. It does not affect the people in the higher income brackets, many of whom, if they do not want to pay the tax, will rather stay in pleasant homes than transfer their custom to the "unpleasant" dime and quarter shows. But it affects the poor people, many of whom it deprives of seeing something else besides their slums and the factories. It deprives the country of a vital means of uplifting and upholding the morale of a part of the population which needs this stimulus more than the well-to-do.

The exhibitors were ill-advised when for patriotic reasons or perhaps for fear of being called profit-seekers? — they did not protest against the tax.

The least the government can do, and must do, at this moment, is to make the tax progressive, and, above all, to exempt the children's matinees which almost every Canadian theatre runs on Saturday afternoon. And then, it must extend the tax to all entertainments and amusements. Most of them are more expensive than the popular movies and are far from being as vital.

The representative trade organ, The Canadian Motion Picture Exhibitor, stated in its last issue "that all entertainments and amusements should be taxed similarly."

Apart from its economic and social effects a tax has, of course, a financial objective. Necessary as is every cent of revenue just now, the importance of raising \$8 millions within a budget of between \$2.5 and 3 billions is not great enough to take

into the bargain the economic meaninglessness and the social injustice of the movie tax.

The second development in Canada's moving picture industry is the resignation of Mr. N. L. Nathanson from the presidency of Famous Players Canadian Corporation, this country's largest movie circuit which is, financially, controlled by the American Paramount Pictures Inc.

Question of Control

According to the latest count of the Canadian Film Boards of Trade there are at present 1292 movie theatres in this country, with a total seating capacity of 703,000. Over 900 of them play every day. Famous Players owns directly 145 theatres with 165,000 seats, and through various affiliations controls another 157 theatres with 129,000 seats. One million Canadians go to Famous Players theatres every week, out of a total of approximately 2.7 million weekly admissions.

The development which has now led to Mr. Nathanson's resignation has been brewing for some time. The question was, in short, whether or not the control of the movie industry should rest in the hands of Canadians or of foreigners. Naturally, no one has to be fundamentally afraid if that control in Canada lies in the hands of Americans; but there are, nevertheless, apart from the fundamental agreement of Americans and Canadians on most things, less fundamental, though important,

THE CAT

A SMALLISH, thinnish cat sought A out
Our door, and thereby sat and mewed
As if, with every voice and tongue,
With every breath and every lung
Of every cat since time was young
This feline was imbued.

When morning, red and amber gay,
Had raised the curtain for the day,
The little shadow stole away.

But when the moon was at the full
And exercised its magic pull
On tides and eats and wolves and men.

The serenade came again.
He cried until the night was old
And all the flowers were curled with cold;

Until our hearts were melted quite,
And so we took him from the night.

Merridale, Man. DONALD L. AIKEN.

distinctions. It seems to us the more important to control these things in the Canadian sense as, in any case, the vast majority of films which are played in this country are American-made.

Nathanson Carries On

There is no reason to doubt that also certain personal financial considerations prompted Mr. Nathanson to take the step he has taken. However, the interest of the general public lies not in these considerations but in the national aspect, and in financial considerations as far as they concern the Canadian economy and Canadian investors.

If competition should develop between Famous Players and any other movie interests with which Mr. Nathanson is going to associate himself, the general Canadian public, in the broadest sense, will probably remain unaffected. All that might, and probably will, happen is that a great number of movie houses will change hands. This might temporarily affect adversely certain investors, but it will not be to the detriment of economic welfare in general.

For the moment it has been announced that a new movie concern is being formed with Mr. Nathanson as president and Mr. N. A. Taylor as vice-president. Mr. Taylor is the head of 20th Century Theatres which he founded five years ago and which has grown vigorously since. It is at present operating close on 30 theatres and is administratively con-

nected with some 30 other theatres. The newest 20th Century house is the Midtown Theatre which was opened last week and which is Toronto's finest, though not its largest, theatre.

Incidentally, Mr. Nathanson personally holds the Canadian franchise of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures.

Whichever course the financial struggle for control may take—and it is obvious that it is gaining momentum now—the chief concern of

the financially disinterested public lies in the national aspect of the affair. No matter how benevolent or benevolent American financial control of our movie business may be, it is anonymous and nationally irresponsible in Canada. There is no need to stress how vital is the national integrity and responsibility of a medium that is culturally and politically as important as the moving picture, especially in a time like the present.

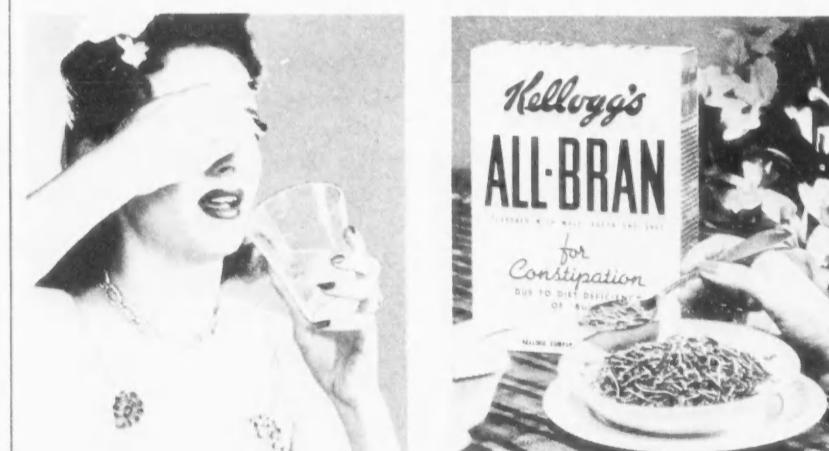
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YOU GUessed IT! Straight to the bull's-eye of the difficulty goes the modern, better way! If your trouble is the kind that's due to lack of proper "bulk" in the diet, this crisp, tasty cereal, KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN, can go right to the cause and correct it.



AND HOW MUCH MORE PLEASANT! Compare those dispiriting "doses" of harsh purgatives with a dish of crisp, delicious, toasted ALL-BRAN for breakfast! It's almost too good to be true that a cereal as delicious as this can do so much for you.

FILL UP THE DISH with crisp shreds of KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN, top it with sugar and cream, and go to it. But remember, ALL-BRAN doesn't work like harsh purgatives. It takes time. Eat ALL-BRAN every day, drink plenty of water, and see if you don't forget all about constipation due to lack of "bulk"!

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Canadian Food Policy Is Ready For a Reversal

BY W. B. SOMERSET

THE reply of the Agricultural Supplies Board to my article on Canada's dangerous food policy, and their attempt to clarify and justify their policy to the public, are welcome as affording an opportunity for further discussion.

To the main argument of my article, I cannot feel the Agricultural Supplies Board has made any adequate reply. Nor can I feel that the Government's food policy has been greatly clarified by their widely circulated statement.

A good deal of their reply seems to be an attempt to discredit my arguments by laying stress on comparatively unimportant details. They call particular attention, for instance, to one point of my article upon which I had been misinformed. It appears that the high water mark of our former cheese export was some 234 million pounds, instead of 300 million, as reported to me. How much does that weaken my argument that instead of the 112 million pounds contracted for, Canada is capable of exporting twice, perhaps three times, as much cheese?

The Agricultural Supplies Board has not yet made its policy fully clear to the public.

Although Britain needs cheese as much as she needs ammunition and guns, Canada's production of this commodity may be drastically reduced, for lack of economic planning.

Canada's food policy is now due for a complete reversal, if we are to fulfil our contracts abroad.

Again, I did not say or suggest that pegs (i.e. ceilings) had been established against a considerable number of agricultural commodities. Yet after they have read this meaning into my words, they say it is not true and that outside of pegs against butter and wool, their measures have been "price props" rather than "pegs." I think it can be left to the producers of cheese and hogs to say whether the heavy reductions in the price under last year's contracts could be regarded as "price props."

Their argument that the low contract prices agreed to by Ottawa

for export to Britain without consulting the producers need not prevent prices going higher on domestic or other markets, if the position of supply and demand would support it, is rather unworthy of them. Everyone knows that the export price governs the price on other markets, particularly if most of the export supply is contracted for at an arbitrary figure.

They question my statement that production has been falling off and that we are running into actual shortages. There are no national shortages, they say, and little likelihood that there will be any this year.

At the same time they say they are using their best endeavors to see that production is maintained and, if necessary, increased of those commodities required by the British Ministries of Food and Supply. Well, how about cheese? Britain declares a supply of cheese to be one of her greatest needs, and will take unlimited supplies. Nevertheless, for the months of January and February 1941 there has been a drop in production of cheese in Ontario from 2,428,586 pounds in the same months a year ago to 1,023,507 pounds. If this is not heading towards an acute shortage, we would like to know what it is. Furthermore, Ottawa has more than hinted that to make good its contract with Britain our domestic cheese supplies may be requisitioned. It may be that this tendency towards falling cheese production may be corrected somewhat by the Ontario Government bonus of two cents per pound. After Ottawa's refusal to act, it cannot claim any credit for that.

That this bonus is not enough to give the necessary stimulus to production is ably argued by the cheese producers, and Ottawa continues to refuse to do its share or even give Quebec and other cheese producing provinces any equal treatment to Ontario. Mr. Gardiner's excuse to the House for not giving a Federal bonus is that it might expand the industry too much against post-war conditions. Such danger is very remote when one realizes the large unused capacity of present existing plants, the competition of condensed milk, butter and other manufactured products for the milk supply, and the unlimited demand from Great Britain.

Over-Production?

Even if there were danger of over-production, why should that deter action? Food of this character is declared by a leading statesman to be in the same category as munitions of war and as much part of our war effort as guns or shells.

Arguments in favor of the imprudent cheese contract are not impressive. Everyone knows that it takes months to get supplies from New Zealand.

While the Supply Board tacitly admits that there are unrevealed clauses in both the cheese and bacon contracts, providing for adjustment in price according to circumstance the spokesman for the Supply Board is scandalized by what he calls my charge of British unwillingness to increase prices because of their wishing to maintain the profit to the British Exchequer in the spread between what they pay us and what they assess the British consumer. I made no such charge because I do not know it to be correct. I merely stated that such had been stated to be the case and that the British producer was paid more and that retail prices paid for our cheese were no justification for the prices paid here. Their answer is to the effect that this is none of our business. I submit it should be very much the business of our Government, when it undertakes to sell our produce without consulting us, to see to it that our producers get a fair share of what the British consumer pays and something comparable to the prices paid British producers.

However, it seems obvious that Canadian food policy is now due for a complete reversal, and my article pointing out the dangers of our present policy has been fully justified. The United States policy with regard to agricultural prices, which has just been announced and is to continue in effect until June 1943, is a definite upward pegging of prices considerably above present levels, to encourage increased production. They announce these prices as minimums at which they will support the markets, and that they are put in effect to assure ample supplies of pork, dairy and poultry products for the United States and nations battling the Axis.

This is exactly the sort of enlightened, foresighted policy our Govern-

The once idle minute now does its job, too



Time rules the present as never before. Nations strain forward in productive effort in a new tempo of must. From this urge to more work, better work and quicker work, no one of us is free. Men and machines are called to the colours of production. This busy world we live in needs its occasional pauses so it can go on being busy. Luckily, people have found now ice-cold "Coca-Cola" can make even an idle minute do a refreshing job of its own.

People long ago discovered that ice-cold "Coca-Cola" made any pause the pause that refreshes. It does something needed... something pleasant... for every walk of life. It's a little minute long enough for a big rest... a refreshing moment on the sunny side of things. So, you find delicious and refreshing "Coca-Cola" doing a necessary job for workers—putting its shoulder to the wheel in factory, farm, workshop, office and at home—bringing welcome refreshment to the doers of things.

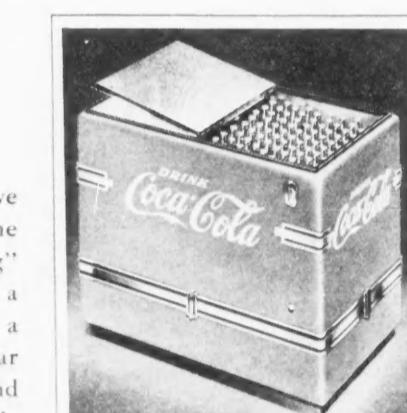
Of course, "Coca-Cola" is only a soft drink. And its price is only five cents. But surely it is significant when enjoying a five cent soft drink becomes

an everyday custom. It must have something very exceptional in the way of "delicious and refreshing" when such phrases as "Give me a 'Coca-Cola'" and "Make mine a 'Coke', too" have become familiar expressions commonly heard and used by so many people, practically everywhere.



Enjoy The Pause that Refreshes with ice-cold "Coca-Cola"

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THE FAMILIAR COOLER FOR "COCA-COLA". In offices, factories and workshops, business management has discovered that a short pause for refreshment during working hours increases efficiency, promotes contentment. To meet this need, "Coca-Cola" is readily available in thousands of places where people work. Busy people appreciate that little moment of relaxation. The pause that refreshes with ice-cold "Coca-Cola" promotes more work and better work. Thus industry's need of a pause for refreshment with "Coca-Cola" has built yet another industry.



YOU'LL cheer at the first touch of Ingram's. For Ingram's speedy lather is planned COOL—to help condition your face and whiskers for shaving. Swiftly your razor glides through. Your face looks smoother, feels fresher—and stays that way for hours—without a lotion. Get Ingram's at your druggist today.

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LILAC VEGETAL Shaving Lotion
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Toiletries for MEN
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"Let's finish the Job"



CANADA!
Ypres, April 22-24, 1915

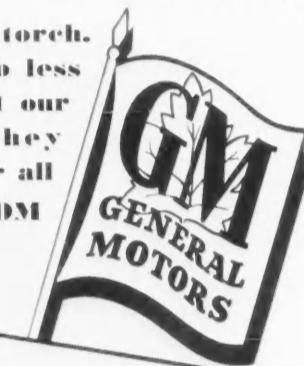
In this famous drawing from *Punch*, Sir Bernard Partridge commemorated for all time the heroic stand of Canada's First Division against poison gas and overwhelming odds. As our soldiers held the line then, so Canada must hold it now.

TO US - THE TORCH IS THROWN

A generation ago, from Flanders Fields, our soldier dead threw us their torch to hold it high, as they had held it from Second Ypres to Mons, from the Somme to Passchendaele.

For four years they kept their rendezvous with death. They knew no peers but the living who served with them, and their spirit so animated the Canadian Corps that it became the spearhead of victory. That same spirit animates our troops today.

We hold the torch.
We cannot do less
than pour out our
dollars as they
pour out their all
—FOR FREEDOM



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WORLD OF WOMEN

Hi-Yo, Silver!

BY BERNICE COFFEY

OTHER days, other times, when buyers and fashion designers made regular pilgrimages abroad on the luxury liner of which not the least attractive features were the rapidity of the speed, the size of the swimming pool, the length of the wine list. Then on to Paris and the dramatic disclosures at the openings of the form fashion was to take

for the next few months. And then the return voyage on another fast ship with all the things that had been bought carefully stowed away in the holds in readiness to be rushed through the Customs on their arrival.

Ah, me, now we begin to know something of the nostalgia that afflicted Uncle Edward as, whiskey and soda in hand, he used to repeat endless stories revolving around Lily Langtry, champagne suppers at Sherry's and the delights of hansom cab riding. Come to think of it, Uncle Edward's era has disappeared no more completely than that to which we look in retrospect. Both eras have been sunk without a trace.

No group of people realizes this better than those whose responsibility it is to keep us clothed and, presumably, in our right minds. Not only have designers to get along as best they can without the inexhaustible clothes genius of Paris, but they are faced with a new batch of problems to boot.

Now that the Nazis are spreading their own kind of new order all over the map of Europe, no designer feels inclined to draw upon the national costumes of these countries as inspiration for a new little number—even if anyone could be persuaded to wear it. History, formerly a fertile source of ideas for clothes designers, remains an open book—in free countries, at least—but none of it seems half as important in its implications as the history in the making that comes out of the radio today in the voice of one's favorite newscaster.

The result is that designers must find ideas in things closer to home or in the national costumes of a few friendly nations . . . Latin America, China, Hawaii. One of the results of closer attention to traditional costumes which have evolved near at hand is the cowboy influence to be seen in some of this summer's clothes for summer sports.

Once they put their minds to it, the designers must have been pleasantly surprised at the scope offered



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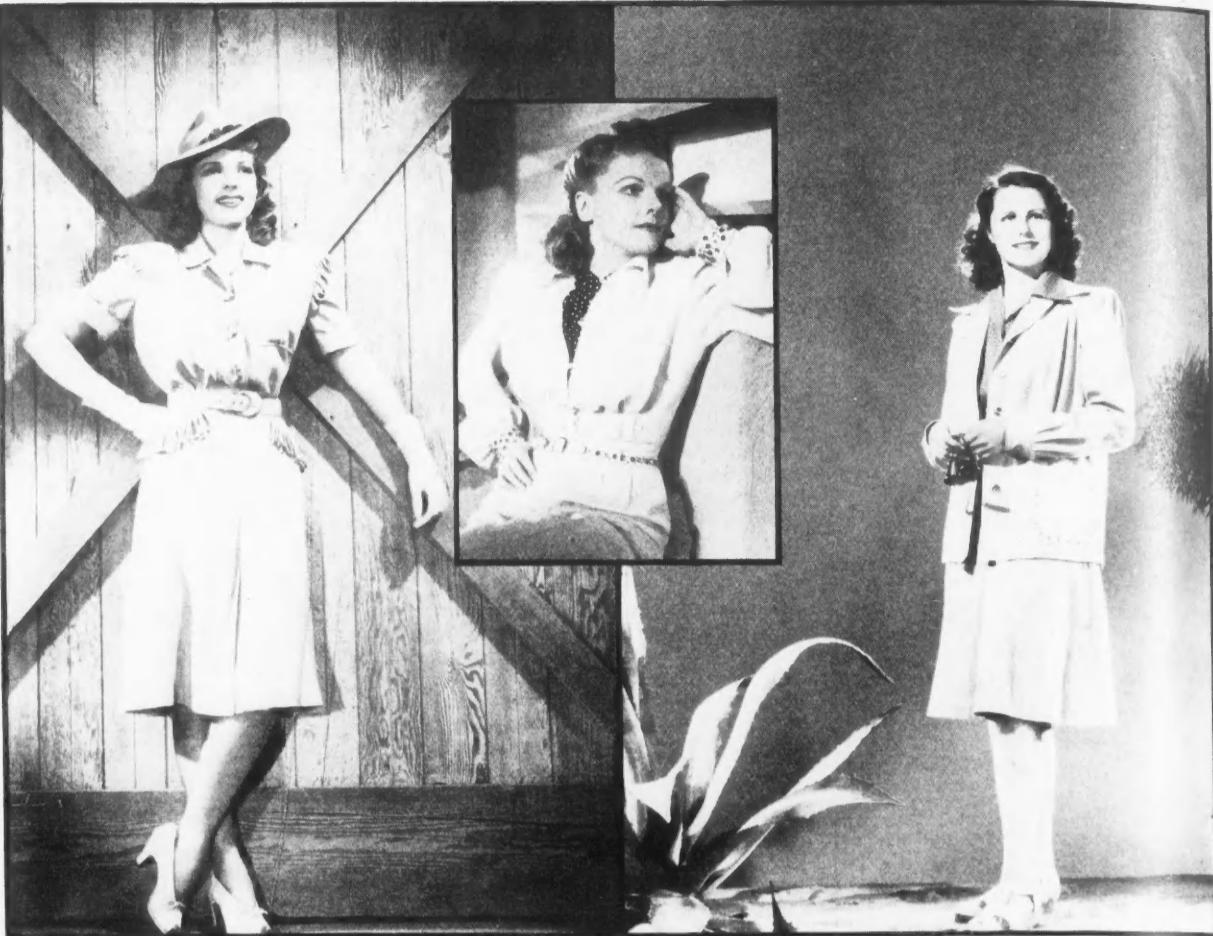
WELCOME NEWS for secretaries. A new freedom from end-of-day fatigue. Hard jobs made easier . . . long jobs made shorter by the easy action and speed of this new L.C. Smith. We want to prove to you, in your own office, that it will save time, money, and energy. Free demonstration by any L.C. Smith branch or dealer.

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The picturesque cowboy costume of the Wild West is the source of some of the season's best sport clothes. Loop fringe at pockets and shoulders, leather cuffs and belt studded with stones, and blue denim with nail-head trim, are some of the details that have been rustled right off the backs of the cowboys who ride the range.

them by the traditional costume of the cow-puncher. These lads have as nonchalant an attitude toward vigorous, bold color as to an unbroken bronco about to be ridden for the first time in his career. Their three-gallon hats, vivid silk shirts, close-fitting trousers and high-heeled boots offer a wonderful field for adaptation to women's clothes so excellent in fact that one wonders why many of the ideas have not been swiped long ago by fashion scouts, who are supposed to be even more eagle-eyed than an Indian scout on the war path.

Here are some sport costumes in which the cowboy influence will be easily recognized. Photographs of them appear on this page, too:

Desert sand sport dress with frontier style adaptation of loop fringe on pockets and shoulders. Hand painted wooden cowboy boot buttons serve as a decorative front closing for the patch-pocketed bodice. A wide-brimmed beige felt hat, with red and blue suede looped band, and beige accessories complete the costume.

The wild West, carefully toned down, influences the styling of another ensemble. Cuffs (they button on over the shirt cuffs) and belt are white leather studded with white and blue stones. A scarf of navy and white polka dot silk is tied Western style at the neck. Blouse is white raw silk, slacks are white flannel.

Beige denim fashions a smart cowboy-styled sport costume. The flared legs of the culottes add to their deceptive skirt similarity and aid their adaptability to active sports use. The casual jacket, worn over a red and white printed cotton blouse, features a novel accent in the large gold buttons and matching nail-head "horse-shoe" trim on the roomy pockets. Beige kidskin sandals, with cork soles, complete the ensemble.

Roll me a cigaret single-handed and just call me pahdner.

Pick-Ups

One of the good old decorating bogeys is that an honest-to-goodness heirloom deserves a setting complete with nothing less than other equally fine antiques. New theory, worked out with infinite success in many charming rooms, is that an old chest of drawers, dresser or table makes an equally successful impression in a room full of good modern reproductions if they are sufficiently self-effacing and relating to the same general period.

If you are looking for special summer pickups for your house—either town or country here are a few to be found in the shops:

Hooked rugs, whether old or new. The new ones you may have made to order by consulting the shops or going direct to the Canadian Handicraft Guild people. Not only will they put any of your own pet ideas into the design, but they are enthusiastically co-operative in dyeing the yarns used to match whatever the scheme of the room may be. And the custom-made result will be no more expensive than carpeting.

Lamps with a country look. The

BEACH-WISE

The Chinese influence is unmistakable in these dinner pajamas for resort wear. In brown and white with turquoise accent.

The bold colors of a Hawaiian print disport themselves on a bare mid-riff swim suit of satin Lastex, with a terry cloth robe. The T. Eaton Co.

shops offer porcelain bases covered with bright flowers, copies of silver and copper luster and pottery with plaid shades. Or if there's an old oil lamp gathering dust in a cupboard, bring it forth and make it earn its way by having it wired for electricity.

Curtain excitement including plaids, checks and the most flowery chintzes you can imagine.

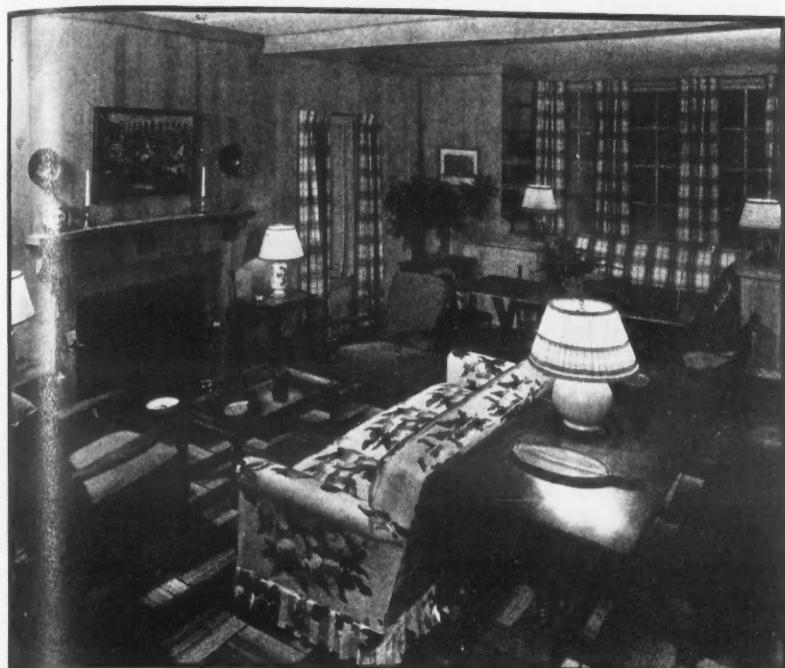
Old prints, old milk-and-hobnail glass and their copies, equally nice and depending on how much you want to pay.

Comforts

The Duchess of Northumberland has led a very quiet life since her eldest son was killed at Dunkirk, says a letter from England to this column. Her second son, the present Duke, is away from home so the Duchess spends most of her time at Lesbury House, Alnwick, and seldom goes to London.

One of her main interests is the comforts fund for A.T.S. personnel, which she instituted some time ago. A lovely gift for this fund arrived





In this, the main room of a country lodge, a studio couch is set in beneath windows and covered to match the draperies. General relaxing quarters occupy the center of the room grouped around the fireplace.

the other day. The Home Makers' Guild, of Saskatchewan, Canada, sent seventy cushions, with a little packet of tea and sugar sewn on to the corner of each one. So seventy A.T.S. girls found their days cheered not only by a gay cushion for their bare official quarters, but by an extra cup of tea.

The fund is greatly in need of materials (or donations to buy same) to make up into curtains and cushions. A.T.S. girls are often billeted

in empty houses and the psychological effect of a few bright feminine touches is amazingly effective in making the girl "soldiers" feel at home.

The President's Mother

How much does a man of destiny owe to the women of his family—the mother chosen for him by fate, the wife chosen by himself? Lincoln's step-mother played a large

part in his early years, but he was not so fortunate in his choice of a wife. The present President of the United States is singularly fortunate in both. Canadians are almost as familiar as Americans with the activities of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. Now, through her recent visit to Toronto, others have had an opportunity to see or meet the third member of the Remarkable Roosevelts—Mrs. James Roosevelt, the eighty-six year old mother of the President and only woman in the history of the United States to see her son inaugurated for a third term.

Mrs. Roosevelt made the long journey from her Hyde Park residence to Toronto because she is greatly interested in the Hadassah organization (she's a member of the American Hadassah) and to lend her presence to the campaign for funds for soldiers' hospitals in England and Palestine being conducted by Canadian Hadassah. Significant we thought was the little jewelled liberty torch ornament she wore on her black frock.

Not only is there a marked physical resemblance between mother and son, but when Mrs. Roosevelt speaks it immediately is apparent from whence the son acquired the fine diction that has played no little part in his career.

Mrs. Roosevelt is very much of a person in her own right with a fine independence of mind. "The President was furious," remarked a member of Mrs. Roosevelt's party, "when he heard of her intention to take such a long trip, but she came anyway."

With her daughter-in-law's many journeys by air in mind we inquired whether Mrs. Roosevelt had considered flying to Toronto. "One of her keenest desires is to fly," was the reply, "but the President is very much against it. I wouldn't be surprised, though, if she did manage it one of these days." Does the mother of the President have to be guarded? "Yes, but she doesn't like it a bit, and the men assigned to do so try to be as unobtrusive as possible."

Asked when Mrs. Roosevelt would return to Hyde Park, he replied with a rather worried air that he was trying to make arrangements for that evening but was having some difficulty. The trouble, it developed, was that the railroad on which they would travel was reluctant to make a special stop at Hyde Park . . . even for as distinguished a passenger as the mother of the President.

Truly, the United States is a democracy.

Summer's Here

Of course much depends on whether or not the weatherman proves to be in a sulky or co-operative mood during the coming months, but the shops are going ahead in a blithe optimism that is bracing to the spirits. Summer's here, and they're going full out to prove it in a thoroughly convincing manner.

The other afternoon we dropped in at Simpson's fashion show of beach and resort wear and, feeling by contrast pale as a mushroom, we watched synthetically bronzed models display as attractive a collection of outdoor wear as one could find this side of California.

Here are a few things to keep in mind when the temperature prods you into getting down to the business of adding to the summer outdoor wardrobe:

A jersey blouse, preferably striped boldly and with long full sleeves, is a handy thing to have around, especially if you practically live in a bathing suit. One of the models, who wore an abbreviated swim suit of brilliant blue maletex silk jersey, also wore such a blouse under it—the idea being that suit plus blouse then becomes a sort of playsuit, see?

A hiplength jacket fashioned on loose straight lines, boldly striped in yellow, blue and rust, also sports a lined hood. In striped seersucker it looked well with blue slacks, and should be useful as an extra jacket to wear with other outfits as well.

Jantzen suits have never featured frills or furbelows and have remained severely classical in line, but this show uncovered a deviation from this rule with one of the most



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and cherish your loveliness with Miss Arden's essential formula for complexion care. You cleanse with Ardena Cleansing Cream and Ardena Skin Lotion or Ardena Fluffy Cleansing Cream. You freshen with Ardena Skin Lotion. You smooth with Ardena Velva Cream if your skin is normal or oily . . . with Ardena Orange Skin Cream if your skin is dry or lined, or your face thin.

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Salons: SIMPSON'S — Toronto and Montreal

wearable suits of the season. . . . a black velour Jantzen made on princess lines, the skirt and decolletage edged with narrow lines of white pleating.

And just for fun, the swim suits included one of embossed white rubber with a short abbreviated skirt fringed like that worn by primitive Indian braves.

Those who like to get down on their knees and grub about in the soil of their gardens will seize upon a striped blue and white gabardine overall with two enormous pockets in the trousers and another spang across the chest. Those who have

a feeling for the picturesque will wear with it a screaming red blouse and a "cow's breakfast" hat.

If you're proud of your Scotch ancestry and who isn't?—and have a warm spot in your heart for plaids, you'll fall head over heels in love with a flannel tartan slack suit which has a sleeveless jerkin fastened up the front with brass buttons. And those who have the sea in their blood won't rest until they can call their own a yachting outfit composed of crimson Viyella slacks, a nautical white polo jacket in the new longer length, and a striped red and white jersey. Heave ho, my hearties, and make way for a sailor!

Alice Marble, the tennis champ, has been doing a spot of designing lately for other feminine enthusiasts of the game. One of the results of these extra-mural activities is a honey of a tennis dress with a cross-over surplice line that buttons all the way down the front. Your laundress will bless her name, for the dress opens out and can be laid out flat for ironing.

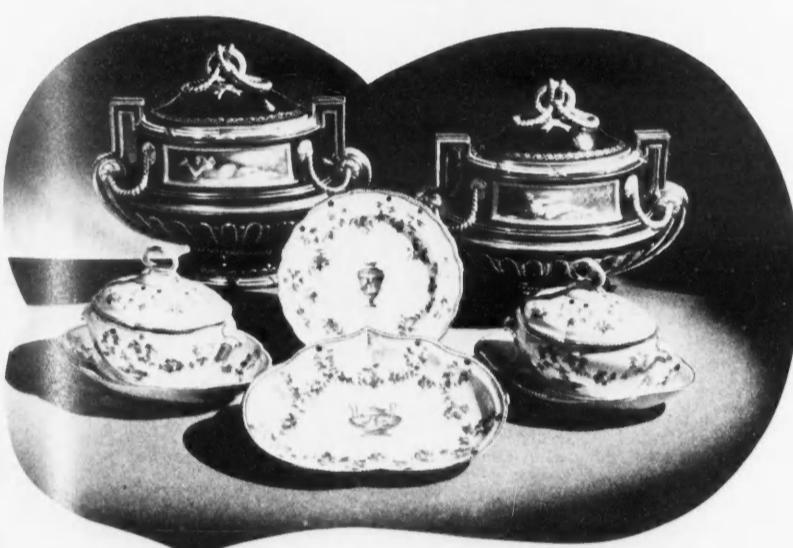
Whether or not you've ever been present at one of the magnificent durbars at Delhi, you'll know the inspiration of a white rajah silk slack suit comes directly from the costumes worn by the princes of India. The trousers have almost as much fullness as a skirt and over them is worn a fingertip length coat of fitted princess lines. The only liberty taken with original is the addition of a black and red flower applied over the front of the legs of the trousers and on the jacket over the heart. All this and a red tulle turban swathed about the model's head left the audience quite limp with admiration.



Reminiscent of the days when motorcycling was an adventure. This hat was made by the famous English hat designer, Erik, in tartan Viyella. He calls it the bicycling hat.

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IT IS seldom the luck of a violin teacher to discover two prodigies of phenomenal quality within less than five years. Yet that has been the good fortune of Louis Persinger, the noted San Francisco violinist. Everybody will recall the sensation aroused by the precocious genius Yehudi Menuhin, born near the Golden Gate in 1917; a few years later Mr. Persinger discovered another little violinist of amazing talent in Ruggiero Ricci, born in the same city in 1920. The Menuhin boom perhaps took the edge off the public excitement which would otherwise have attended the debut of Ricci. But he did not lack recognition for he astonished New York

critics at the age of nine; and in 1932 made a notable appearance with the London Symphony Orchestra.

Now of age, Ricci played at last week's Prom in Varsity Arena and dazzled the most hard-boiled profes-

sionals present. A marvellous technician he still lacks one element which made Menuhin an isolated phenomenon. Apart from the latter's brilliance as an executant, his precocious maturity as an interpreter, made elder violinists ask themselves whether a lifetime of study was worth while when one so young could play masterpieces with such deep understanding. As yet there is nothing profound in the art of Ruggiero Ricci, but as pure and beautiful virtuosity his playing is entralling. His tone is so radiantly lyrical that he made a Paganini Concerto seem a long and beautiful song. There is nothing in the realm of violin technique of which he is not the facile master. In harmonies the loveliness of his expression is manifest.

When he played a little descriptive piece "The Wind" by the late Franz von Vecsey, those not close enough to observe his work with the left hand, wondered how he achieved such marvellous nuances; and in a transcription of a Chopin Nocturne, the flowing beauty of his legato was equally haunting. Ricci has several decades of achievement before him, if all goes well, and it is impossible to forecast how great he will become.

Reginald Stewart and the Orchestra were in capital form and gave clean, vital and expressive renderings of several familiar favorites by Wagner, Mozart, Johann Strauss and Enesco. From a critical viewpoint the most delightful item was two movements from Arbos' magnificent orchestral arrangement of Isaac Albinet's piano Suite "Iberia"; which has a Sevillian background. The fresh and subtle rhymical devices; and the gorgeous tonal fabric were so well presented as to retrieve any loss of confidence inspired by Copland's "El Salon Mexico" a fortnight previously.

An interested listener was the noted English composer Arthur Bliss who has been a resident of California for a good many years, and is now en route to England, to work with BBC.

Beethoven Festival

Though to many music lovers the chamber music of Beethoven and other great composers is esoteric, or to say the least, abstruse entertainment, a goodly number attended the four concerts of the Beethoven Festival given in the Great Hall of Hart House by the Quartet which bears its name. Obviously last year's experiment was not a flash in the pan; and many welcomed its continuance.

Beethoven in all composed 16 String Quartets, and a Great Fugue in the same form. The first six published in 1800, were in the buoyant style of Mozart and Haydn. A few years later he revolutionized the balanced form perfected by them, by making it the vehicle of profound personal emotion. The first string quartets of really passionate quality were Opus 59 published in 1906, a group of three dedicated to Count Rasamousky, played at the first event of the recent Festival. Beethoven pursued the idea of putting new and heady wine into old bottles, to the end of his life, and at subsequent concerts the whole series of emotional masterpieces was played in chronological order. After 1809 Beethoven returned to the quartet form with single works in 1810 and 1810 and then dropped it until 1824. In the last three years of his life he composed no less than six, four within a year of his death in March, 1827.

The Hart House Quartet has performed high service in reviving them; and one has never heard the organization play quite so well. James Levey, the First violin is steeped in Beethoven and gave

MUSICAL EVENTS

Another San Francisco Prodigy

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

splendid leadership, while his associates, Adolphe Koldofsky, 2nd violin; Milton Blackstone, viola; and Boris Hambourg, cello, all seemed to reveal a spirit of consecration to their task.

Conservatory Orchestra

The second of the closing concerts of the Toronto Conservatory of Music at Massey Hall last week was, demonstration of progress. Ettore Mazzoleni, conductor of the Conservatory Orchestra showed courage by playing Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, and the results justified his daring. The large string personnel was almost entirely composed of students, though in the wind sections it was necessary to enlist professional aid. Tone, attack and expression all attested Mr. Mazzoleni's efficiency and musical distinction. The body also did admirable work in accompanying the various solo offerings. Nora Gibson (Alexander Chuhaldin) was outstanding in the first movement of the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto and is obviously a girl with a future; and Bertha Goldenthal (Viggo Kihl) showed musical gifts of rare quality in two movements of Chopin's Piano Concerto in F minor. Two young vocalists, Kathleen Busby and Jean Letourneau (George Lambert) revealed beautiful quality. Miss Busby hails from Edmonton and her associate from Quebec province. Dorothy Walker (D. D. Slater) proved a lyric soprano of fine vocal endowment, though a bit overweighted with Verdi's "Ah, fors e lui."

Death has been abroad among



Geo. Chavchavadze, Russian pianist, at Eaton Auditorium Wed., June 4.

British composers this year. The passing of Frank Bridge and Sir Hamilton Harty were announced some weeks ago and to the list has been added Sir Henry Walton Davies. He was born in 1869, and in 1898 succeeded Hopkins at the historic Temple Church in London. He was on the staff of the Royal College of Music and one of his most famous pupils was Leopold Stokowski who began his career as an organist. His choral and sacred music was widely used by choirmasters. He was a close friend of the late Dr. Albert Ham of Toronto, who, when the National Chorus was in existence presented several fine capella works from his pen. Reference to the death of Harty brings to mind the fact that Howard Barlow conductor of the Columbia Symphony Orchestra recently played an orchestral suite by him based on the piano compositions of the brilliant Irishman, John Field, inventor of the "Nocturne." Harty's arrangement is so lovely in all respects that it is to be hoped it will be added to the repertory of our Canadian Orchestras.

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THE DRESSING TABLE

The Winning Smile

BY ISABEL MORGAN

NOW and then the newspapers print a story that never fails to amaze and pique the interest. It concerns the octogenarian who has sprouted a third set of teeth—his own, according to the stories, and not the store variety. We never fail to enjoy this perennial story—or to pause between the more urgent headlines to speculate on the surprised dismay of one who, after becoming conditioned to chewing celery without the aid of his own teeth, is confronted with the problem of learning all over again how to manage a perfectly good set of molars that are all his own. Or to wonder if we aren't being had.

It would be a very good thing if all of us could look forward to growing a third set of teeth—perhaps at about the age of forty-five or fifty. At that age we would have grown to appreciate and put a high value on them and be prepared to treat the new arrivals with the respect we probably didn't give their predecessors. There are rumors that science is slowly finding its way, however, to ways and means of preserving the teeth that may make it possible for everyone to keep his teeth as long as he lives. And that day cannot come too soon for those of us who still have some we can call our own.



Shadow-cool loveliness attuned to the vogue for shutter pleats and classic simplicity of line. The lattice print is an exquisite rayon crepe approved for Courtaulds "Quality-Control". A "Nancy" Casual.

In the meantime we can only give them the utmost care, keep our fingers crossed and hope for the best.

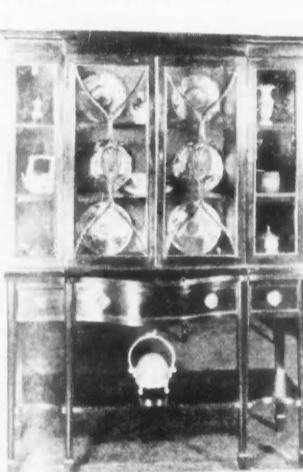
Everyone knows how important it is to visit the dentist regularly, but how many of us do? A dentist's office is not a place of especially pleasant memories and it takes a strong-minded individual to go there of his own free will when there isn't a tooth that feels as though a malevolent rivet is caged inside it trying to do his worst. One of the best ways we know of getting ourselves into the dentist's office is to choose one who has a very firm nurse assistant. Make an appointment with her for three or four months' hence just after you've had a painful session with her chief and while it's all still fresh in your mind. Then forget all about it until she phones months later to remind you. If she is made of the right stuff she won't take excuses, and even though you fight a stiff rear-guard action, before you know it you'll be sitting in the chair of pain trying to carry on a sprightly conversation with most of the office dental equipment in your mouth. It never fails.

If, since the last visit to the dentist, the gums have developed signs of tenderness or if they bleed when the teeth are being cleaned, use a mouth rinse of salt and water as a temporary measure until you are able to have them given prophylactic treatment.

One of the benefits of a regular appointment at the dentist's is that even though he may pronounce your teeth sound and without blemish, he gives them a thorough cleaning. To some the sensation of that little soft brush covered with minty-flavored polishing paste that gets all over the face, too, may not be altogether pleasant, but there's great satisfaction when it's all over to look in the mirror, bare the teeth, and see them all bright and shiny new. Tartar and discolorations have disappeared like something out of a magician's hat. However, it should be remembered that all teeth are not naturally white—the color in them varies as much in individuals as it does in complexions.

No one seems to be very certain about the effect the diet has on the teeth. We can only go on the common-sense assumption that what is good for the rest of the body must be good for the teeth and vice versa, and let the matter rest there. However, we can give the teeth the best of care outwardly, because there is very little excuse for not doing so. The toothbrush manufacturers have made it easy for us to brush the teeth so that every little cranny receives its share of the treatment, by shaping the brushes with scientific care. And the toothbrush that wilts soggy after the second or third use is a thing of the past, too. The new bristles stand up firmly and perkily practically as long as the brush itself.

Oral cleanliness is a pleasure with



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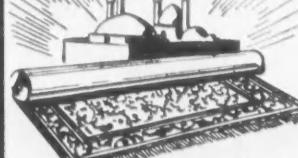
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Child Psychology

BY E. K. SUZUKI

I HAVE just completed my first six years of being a mother, and those years, instead of being the happiest of my life (as the women's magazines had led me to expect), have been a psychologist-ridden nightmare. I have been in a perpetual daze of wondering whether I was doing the right thing by my poor infants; trying to find out where I had gone wrong, and why they didn't react to the best modern treatment in the way the books had said they would.

Now, with six years' experience and four children to my credit, I have decided that there is just one thing wrong with all this child psychology: not one of the people who write the books has ever been left all alone with four small children, a sink-full of dirty dishes, and a week's washing to be done. In other words, it may work very well in a nursery school with trained supervisors who have nothing to do but look after the children, but with one tired, over-worked woman to be nursemaid, teacher, cook and dishwasher, it's the bunk!

LET'S look at this question of routine and regularity on which the psychologists are so insistent. You may have lunch ready to serve sharp on the dot of twelve, but little Johnny will be missing. Calling and whistling from the doorstep will do no good at all. After a frantic door-to-door search of the neighborhood you find him up a tree in a garden on the next street, and by the time you get him home and cleaned up the lunch is cold and the other children in a bad temper. It will now be closer to one o'clock than twelve and your schedule will be out of kilter for the rest of the day. Then, just to make a bad day worse, one of the little darlings who has been kept waiting for his lunch will probably hurl his mashed potatoes at Johnny. It's all very well for a psychologist to tell you to remove that child and let him go without his dinner, but if your back was turned for a moment you may not know which one started the row, and it does seem a bit mean to make all of them go without their lunch.

THEN there's discipline. "If a child has a temper tantrum", say the psychologists, "put him in a room by himself. He will soon stop crying when he finds he is not going to gain anything by it." "Hooey!" say I.

I once had a child cry for two hours and fifteen minutes and by the time she had discovered she wasn't going to gain anything by it, I had to be given a sedative and put to bed.

There is one point concerning discipline in a large family which the experts seem to have overlooked completely. Children in the same family have a terrific feeling of loyalty to each other which will make them gang up on the neighborhood bully or on their own parents with equal fervor if they think that one of their number is being ill-treated. Just try to put a screaming child in his room when two others are clinging to your arms and legs in an effort to keep you from doing so!

THE modern pre-occupation with child psychology seems to me to have caused an unnecessary amount of mental anguish to mothers. A woman who is continually worrying about whether or not she is doing the right thing is under a nervous strain which keeps her from giving her best to her family. I do not mean that I believe in the "spare the rod and spoil the child" or "Mother always knows best" school of thought. I think there are many things about modern child-raising methods which are admirable, but I also think that a woman with average common sense and average consideration for her child's feelings would be able to think them out for herself, without the help of a shelf full of books which serve only to confuse her.

When I decided to stop fussing and worrying about all this psychology I realized that I needed some kind of a plan to work on. I made a few rules regarding health, safety and a reasonable amount of consideration for the other members of the family, and decided to leave everything else alone. So far I haven't been able to find a flaw in the system except that my husband and neighbors obviously think I've gone crazy. If my daughter wants to wear one green sock and one red one I let her, for I know that the disapproval of her playmates will soon send her home to change. If the baby knocks down Johnny's beautiful castle and Johnny socks the baby, I do nothing at all about it. If I did punish Johnny it would only give him a persecution complex and would make the baby think that he could get away with anything.



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Lawrence Power, tenor, who sings the part of Turiddu in "Cavalleria Rusticana" at the Promenade Concert at Varsity Arena, Thursday, May 29.

SINCE starting my new "leave the kids alone" system of child-raising, I have found that most of the annoying habits of childhood are a matter of age and not mental perversity. A child may refuse to wash his ears without prompting for years on end, but eventually he will either develop a passion for cleanliness or his playmates will shame him into it. Bitter experience and the ridicule of contemporaries will do more to swing a child into the straight and narrow path of good behavior than nagging by a harassed mother or gentle discipline by a psychologist.

THEATRE

Schubert Again

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

SCHUBERT died at 31, of typhus and under-nourishment, leaving a good collection of debts which have no doubt been forgotten, and an enormous collection of compositions of which many had never been heard except in his own brain, and none had won him any substantial amount of fame or money. The Messrs. Schubert (without a c) have had slightly better luck, having got Mr. Sigmund Romberg to adapt a lot of Schubert's melodies into a sort of operetta which they produced on the hundredth anniversary of the composer's famous love-affair, and which has been coining money for them at intervals ever since. It is coining money for them at the Royal Alexandra this week, and giving a lot of innocent and artistic pleasure to thousands of theatre-goers, though I am not sure that Schubert himself would have unreservedly approved of it; he had a habit of refusing to make even the slightest alterations in his scores for the sake of getting them produced, and he and Mr. Romberg would certainly have had some arguments. Nevertheless I have to record that Mr. Romberg has not done too many indignities to the exquisite originals, and that many people who would not listen to the originals can readily "take" the Rombergized versions.

As the piece has been played in Canada several times during the years of its original heyday no particular comment on it is needed. The performance is satisfying and in a few respects brilliant. Mr. Everett Marshall has been described as the best Schubert to be heard in Toronto, and I think the word is just. He is manly and vigorous, and much less sentimental than some of his predecessors, and vocally he is entirely adequate. Doug Leavitt in the comedy role of Kranz is a veteran of the earlier productions. Marie Nash and Marthe Errolle are acceptable in the leading feminine roles. The production is sumptuous, and one or two weak spots in the minor roles can easily be overlooked.

But I wish poor old Schubert (with a c) could have cashed some of the royalties in advance before he died.

Old French Mill

BY THEODORE LACROIX

ONE of the most interesting links with the French regime throughout the entire Province of Quebec is the Vincennes Mill. Located some eight miles from the Ancient Capital, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, it is easy of access, even for those who may be in Quebec for but a few hours, and it is well worth a visit.

Its charming Old World appearance catches the eye, and in order that it may be more easily found by the visitor there are a number of signs along Highway No. 2 indicating where the mill is located, while at the entrance to the road leading to the mill there is a plaque, set up by the Historic Monuments Commission.

The special appeal possessed by the Vincennes Mill lies in its history, the charming site it occupies, at the top of a steep cliff, and in its perfect condition.

The Mill's History

In a volume entitled "Le Seigneur de Vincennes, founder of Indiana, and his family," Mr. Pierre-Georges Roy, archivist for the Province of Quebec, writes as follows: "On November 3, 1672, Intendant Talon conceded to François Bissot de la Rivière, in favor of his sons Jean-Baptiste and Charles-François, seventy arpents wide of land, with a depth of one league, to the St. Lawrence River, extending from lands belonging to Sieur de la Citière to lands which had not been conceded. This concession was made as a fief and seigniory."

Jean-Baptiste Vincennes became sole proprietor of the fief on the death of his brother, Charles-François, about 1705. He failed to inhabit Beaumont, however, or to cause to be built the community mill which tenants of seigniories in New France were called upon to build by law.

The founder of the town of Indianapolis, according to Mr. Roy, spent his lifetime "in the West, amid the Miamis. He died among these Indians during the course of 1719. With his death the Vincennes fief remained in possession of his widow, Marguerite Forestier. She retained ownership until her death in Montreal, on September 27, 1748."

In 1733, she had allowed Claude-Joseph LeRoy, farmer and captain of militia in Beaumont, to construct a community mill on the tip of the cliff bordering the Saint-Claude brook. The first miller of Vincennes became seigneur of the entire fief, according to sale and adjudication before the Provost of Quebec, on August 19, 1749. He died on April 26, 1753.

Several children were born of the first marriage of Seigneur Claude-Joseph LeRoy, among them being Marie, who wed Joseph Corpron; Charlotte, wife of Pierre Revol, and Marguerite, who espoused Charles Lecours.

Accomplices of Bigot

Corpron and Revol were accomplices of Intendant Bigot, who tyrannized over the inhabitants of the colony, and purchased their grain for a pittance, to resell it to the King with usurious profits. Bigot stored this grain in the company's storehouses, which were called "La Friponne" by the people.

The ruins of one of these storehouses may still be seen on the beach near the Vincennes Mill. This storehouse originally was used by Claude-Joseph LeRoy, for his trade with inhabitants along the Labrador coast.

The Vincennes Mill was also called, at the outset, Cap Saint-Claude, because of the cape bearing this name, from which a wide view of the St. Lawrence may be obtained, and also because of the Saint-Claude brook which drops into the St. Lawrence in a picturesque 150-foot fall.

The last Seigneur of the fief of Vincennes, under the Canadian Feudal regime, was Narcisse-Constantin

Faucher, advocate and High Constable for Quebec, who died in Quebec on January 22, 1880, and who was the father of the writer, Narcisse Faucher de Saint-Maurice.

In 1920, Lorenzo Auger, Quebec architect, acquired the old Vincennes Mill. He carefully restored it, and transformed it into a small museum which offers great interest from a viewpoint of Canadian folklore.

Conservation Society

A society called the Vincennes Mill Conservation Society was incorporated on June 23, 1935, in conformity with chapter 257 of the Revised Statutes of the Province of Quebec, with public interest and national education as its aims and object. Trustees of the Vincennes Mill have endeavored to preserve the precious relic of the past, in order to attract the public, to enable the mill's artistic setting to be admired and its historic value more widely known, and at the same time to develop interest in folklore.

A visit to the Vincennes Mill is a genuine insight into the history of the early days of New France. In a simple museum will be found reflections of the habits and customs of the country's first white inhabitants, ancestors of present Canada, of the skillful work they executed with implements that nowadays seem crude, and the ingenuity displayed by the French settlers, far away from their motherland, in adapting themselves to this new country, with its severe climate, and its lack of facilities.

Beaumont village also possesses a church, which was built in 1735, the same year as the Vincennes Mill. It is located at about a mile from the mill, and is another point of interest for visitors.

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JUST to get the record straight:
Mary Astor is a tempestuous concert pianist who marries an amateur sportsman (George Brent) one night after a prolonged drinking party. Shortly after waking up in the pianist's apartment a wonderful spot entirely upholstered in blonde slipper satin the hero discovers that he isn't married after all, the bride having mixed the date of her next concert appearance with the day her final divorce papers came through. So back he flies to his former love (Bette Davis) and right away they are married and almost simultaneously the pianist announces that she expects to become a mother. (How do screen authors ever think up these plots? My guess is that they evolve them in rich blonde satin studios after a night of hard drinking.)

For reasons too involved to go into here, the heroine carries the pianist off to a cactus wilderness in Arizona, to be sure she gets the proper pre-natal care. This bores Miss Astor to distraction and brings out some of her finest tantrums. But Bette held her firm to her regimen, no sneaking down to the kitchen at night for an onion sandwich, no setting the shack on fire in a fit of temper. The intensities and dynamics between the two ladies in these scenes give the picture a very lively interest, and provide far and away the best round in the singular bout.

Everything straightens out eventually of course and Bette is rewarded with the baby and the domestic billing and cooing that her piano-



Alexander Knox, Canadian actor, whose performance in Warner Bros. film, "The Sea Wolf" gives unmistakable promise of a brilliant career.

THE FILM PARADE

This Week It's Everybody's Fight

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

playing rival spurns. Still it left one wondering a little. Bette Davis one feels isn't a girl to be satisfied with cooing while someone else gets the billing.

THE hostilities in "The Sea Wolf" Jack London's yarn of ship life off San Francisco, are practically continuous. Official score-keepers

have set the number of actual fist fights at forty-seven, but I wouldn't know about that being the kind of movie-goer who pulls her hat over her eyes at the first sign of violence.

In the abatements of actual fury Edward G. Robinson is revealed as

a pathological monster with an intellectual turn, including a taste for the more sonorous Miltonic passages. He is captain of a sinister tramp steamer and in the course of his water-front prowlings he picks up a drenched and sullen blonde (Ida Lupino) and a wandering literary man (Alexander Knox). It is

a weakness of the film that in the intervals of mayhem Mr. Knox must elaborate a great deal of old-fashioned literary theory to the ferocious Captain Larsen; but it is a great credit to Mr. Knox that he is able by skilful underplaying to make his rather pedantic young man of letters an un-rhetorical and even persuasive figure.

Apart from the calmer interludes supplied by Mr. Knox "The Sea Wolf" is almost continuously violent, swift and brutal. Recommended to those movie-goers who can persuade themselves that the blood shed on the screen is, as they tell us, just chocolate soda fountain syrup; or, alternatively, to those who prefer to think it is the real thing.

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Simpson's

NOWADAYS, if one drops in on that friend of man, the corner druggist—whom the natives of these islands oddly insist on calling the "chemist"—one can be reasonably certain that whatever he hands over the counter will be what the doctor ordered. No matter how crabbed the hand-writing, no matter how mysterious the directions on the prescription, the druggist has no hesitations. He knows his stuff. If it kills you, it will be no fault of his. He is a trained man, an expert.

It was not always thus. Once upon a time people took their lives in their hands if they let the ordinary druggist make up a prescription for them—or prescribe for them on his own, as the average apothecary was probably quite willing to do. He might be a man skilled in herbs, simples, draughts, and boluses, or he might be and probably was a fellow who had taken up the selling of drugs as casually as others had gone in for selling groceries or tobacco. There was nothing to prevent him doing so—and poisoning

half the community before he was run out of business.

That all this has changed so very much for the better is due almost entirely to a meeting that took place just one hundred years ago in a tavern in the Strand. The druggists of London assembled there—and after all, what better place than the old Crown & Anchor opposite St. Clement's? Discussions held there would at least not be dry. And what better chairman could they have had than William Allen, the Quaker, who ran a drugshop in Plough Court, off Lombard Street, who was a man of scientific attainments, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and the trusted adviser of the Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father? Influence at Court and everything!

Thus was born the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, which soon after was granted a Royal Charter. The new organization lost no time in setting about its task of bringing order and control into the business of dispensing drugs. And the first and most important part of it was to see that druggists were properly trained. Within a few months a School of Pharmacy was established. This has grown until in recent years the Society has spent more than £30,000 a year in education and research.

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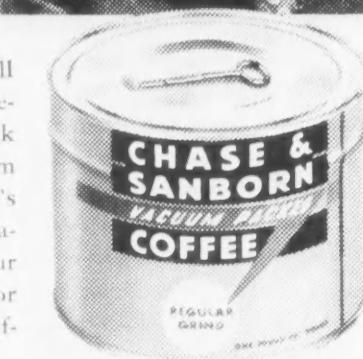
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THE LONDON LETTER

The Rise of the Druggist

BY P. O'D.

ace just nothing at all! A gentleman sitting behind a tree about 100 yards away pressed a button. The one remaining tower seemed to give a little jump, hung like the Leaning Tower of Pisa for a few seconds, and then subsided into a mass of twisted iron and broken glass exactly where the experts planned that it should fall. It was a very pretty bit of work.

No doubt there are sentimentalists to wipe away a memorial tear at the final passing of Paxton's masterpiece. For 85 years it was a famous London landmark. But the fire of five years ago destroyed most of it. And if the fire hadn't, the Nazis certainly would have. Twenty-five acres of glass—what a lot of fun those boys would have had!

There was just this one tower left; and a good many people wanted it kept as a sort of Victorian monument. But beyond these sentimental associations, it had no interest whatever. It was gaunt and ugly, standing there alone. And it always looked dirty. In fact, the whole Crystal Palace always looked dirty. I don't know how often its myriad windows were scrubbed, but no amount of scrubbing within human compass could keep it clean not in the climate of London.

If there was no very good reason for leaving the tower standing, there was plenty of reason for bowing it over. Nearly 1,000 tons of reason, for that is the amount of excellent cast-iron it contained. And cast-iron just now is a commodity of which we cannot possibly have too much. So the old North Tower will still be performing its patriotic duty—far better in the shape of guns and shells than standing a lone and dingy sentinel on the top of its hill at Sydenham.

New Jobs for Blacksmiths

More than once in these Letters I have had occasion to lament the passing of the village blacksmith. There seemed to be no place left for those primitive craftsmen, whose work has changed so little from the days of Tubal Cain himself. And so, as one travelled about the countryside, one was always making the depressing discovery that another village forge had gone no pleasant ringing of hammer on anvil, no cheerful gleam of fire lighting up the blackness of the smithy, no friendly old farm-horses standing half-asleep at the hitching posts.

Now the war is giving the village blacksmith a new lease of life. It is even opening up to him a new career as an engineer! The Government, through the National Council of Social Service, is prepared to equip him with oxy-acetylene welding and cutting plant, with drilling and screw-cutting machines, with power lathes, and with all the other equipment that may be necessary to set him up in business as a repairer of agricultural machinery. It is also prepared to send him instructors to teach him how to use the machines and do the work.

The reason for this sudden official interest in the future of the blacksmith is that there is practically no one else to do the work just now, and it is vitally necessary that the work should be done. All over the country agricultural machinery is standing idle because of the need for repairs that cannot be made, and for new parts that can no longer be supplied.

The blacksmith is the obvious man for the job, though perhaps not every blacksmith. Most of the blacksmiths are middle-aged men, as is inevitable in a dying industry—many of them probably too old to learn. And so a careful survey has been made of the blacksmiths of the country, and about 1,000 of them chosen as likely candidates for the new engineering career.

The plan is said to be receiving

an eager welcome, and to give every assurance of success. Moreover the promise is made that the new work will be permanent, and not just a war-time job. Things certainly seem to be looking up for the village smithy. Just in time, for soon there would have been none left—only garages.

Sunday Theatres?

Seen against the background of the world-war, the question of whether or not English theatres may open on Sunday is, I suppose, a very trivial one. However Parliament decided the problem, it would make no difference to the winning of the war—which is, no doubt, the only thing that really counts nowadays. And yet—and yet well, Parliament thought it sufficiently important to spend some time debating it. So perhaps I may be pardoned for discussing it, too.

If Parliament had passed the Bill permitting theatrical performances on Sunday, I might not have thought it worth mentioning. It would, after all, merely have been in line with so much other easing of the strict rules of Sunday observance that the war has brought. We have work on Sundays, cinemas on Sundays, games of all sorts on Sundays, so why not the theatre on Sundays? No reason in the world, you might think—especially now that the theatres are so limited in their performances during the week.

But the odd and interesting thing about it is that Parliament defeated the proposal—if not by a large majority, by a quite decisive one. The famous British conscience had suddenly got up on its hind legs. And when it does that, shrewd politicians prefer to step nimbly aside.

The Government, though obviously friendly to the Bill, left the decision to a "free vote" of the House. And there were a great many careful Members who preferred not to vote at all. So the determined and well-organized opposition had its way—as it generally does in such cases. The Parliamentary thumb was turned firmly down.

The reasons given for the decision were mostly quite childish—the preservation of the Sabbath atmosphere, the wickedness of making actors and actresses work on Sunday, the necessity of protecting public morals. As if the Sabbath nowadays were a time of rest and spiritual communing! As if actors and actresses were not clamoring for the chance to practice their art! As if the morals of the public were safer in a cinema than in a theatre! As if, for instance, it were quite all right for people to watch Mr. Behrman's play, "No Time for Comedy,"

as done on the screen by Hollywood, but wrong to watch it as done on a nearby stage by a first-class English company!

The real reason, of course, is something quite different. It is a survival of that queer British distrust of the stage and of players that has broken out every now and then for centuries past. It is an assertion of the Puritan conscience. Actors and actresses are no longer legally classed with rogues and vagabonds. The more fortunate among them, in fact, are made knights and dames and admitted to the duchesses—which is, I suppose, a kind of good fortune. At any rate, they are no longer social outcasts.

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The simple, semi-informal lines of French Provincial fruit-wood furniture blend equally happily with either an urban or rural setting. It is seen here against a fruit-striped wallpaper with yellow background.

CONCERNING FOOD

"Will You Take This Woman?"

BY JANET MARCH

ALL to you June brides of 1941! A good many of you will get married on short notice without the benefit of bridesmaids or wedding veils, for the Department of Defense can't fix up leave to suit everyone. You may be only going to be married once and it's pretty important to you, but we hope this is the one and only way the winning of which is pretty important to all of us. This year the tempo has to be a little faster than the slow steps of the bridesmaids advancing to Lohengrin with that curious step, stop, step which someone invented, no doubt to stop a frightened fifty yard dash in the centre aisle. Makes the girls look a bit like pacing horses though.

There will still be some fair brides who will be able to plan a wedding to the last proper detail

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You get a thrill when you open a can of this exceptional pineapple! So convenient too! And you may have the Sliced, Crushed or Tie-Bits.

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like a hotel. If you will gamble on June weather, long trestle tables set out on the lawn look fine. The noise of talk is wafted away in the air, it's not stiflingly hot, and the whole thing is ideal unless it rains, or the thermometer does a downward plunge and everyone shivers with a breeze off the lake. It's a big chance to take, but if you win everything is wonderful. If you are one of the fortunates who are planning a wedding and don't have to consider expense at all—are there any people like that any more?—here is a menu you could serve. It's just the soup and the lobster which come high, for large numbers, so you could cut out one or the other.

Vichysoise
Ham Mousse Lobster Mayonnaise
Green Salad
Asparagus Rolls Watercress Rolls
Strawberry Ice Cream with Fresh
Fruit
Wedding Cake Coffee
Champagne

Vichysoise

The name of this soup brings a few mixed emotions to us this year, but Vichysoise soup is the prince of summer cold soups. There are a lot of things served cold which give themselves this name, and which taste quite ordinary, but this is the real McCoy with the quantities given for eight persons.

1 1/2 quarts of chicken stock
4 leeks
1 onion
2 cupfuls of diced raw potatoes
1 cup of butter
1/2 pint of cream

Split and wash the leeks and peel and cut up the onion. Cook them in about five tablespoonfuls of butter

till they are cooked but not brown. Then add the chicken stock, and the potatoes and simmer gently until the potatoes are tender. Then sieve, and reheat, adding the remainder of the cup of butter. When the butter has melted pour in the cream. Heat, but do not let the mixture boil. Then take off the stove and chill thoroughly before serving. Some people like Vichysoise hot, but there aren't many cream soups which are good cold, and it is more than good.

Ham Mousse

2 cups of chopped cold, cooked ham
1 teaspoonful of mustard
1/2 cup of cream
1/2 cupful of hot water
1 tablespoonful of gelatine

Dissolve the gelatine in hot water and pour over the ham which has to be pounded smooth on a mortar. This is a boring process but you can't get a nice smooth mousse unless you are willing to face it. Add the seasonings and the cream whipped till it is stiff. Pour into a mould which has been dipped in cold water and chill thoroughly.

Whether the lobster mayonnaise is made with fresh, quick frozen, or canned is up to you. Anyway they'll be Canadian lobsters and very fine eating. You really can't go wrong with lobster mayonnaise, at least not if you use enough lobster, and remember to take out those bothersome little pieces that crop up and hurt when you bite on them hard.

The strawberry ice should have fresh strawberries very slightly cooked in a syrup of sugar and water, and then poured on around the edge of the large dish which is passed, or served as a sauce to be ladled on.

If you want a very fine wedding cake make two large round ones with your best and richest Christmas cake recipe. Make one a little smaller than the other and then turn them over to a professional to ice in the traditional way.



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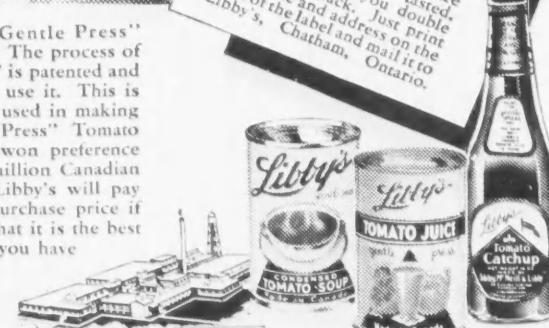
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TP2-41

New Magic Bullets of Chemotherapy

BY ARTHUR HAM, M.B.

THE history of chemotherapy is bound up with the development of the synthetic dye industry. The first synthetic dye was discovered accidentally when an organic chemist tried to make quinine, which is almost the only naturally occurring chemotherapeutic agent. Then as more dyes were produced they were used to color thin slices of diseased tissue, and when these were examined under the microscope the bacteria were found sometimes to take on a different color from the tissue itself; they stood out against their pale background like colored beads on a cloth. The dyes that were available, however, could not be injected into the body they were either poisonous or they would not kill bacteria in the body. But imaginative researchers who saw and marvelled at their selective action wondered if some dye could not be invented which would be so selective that on injection into the body it would alter only disease bacteria and leave the body unharmed. To the very practical this seemed a foolish theory because the living matter of disease agents is not greatly different from the living matter of the body. But the selective staining of dyes, seen in tissue removed from the body, gave certain people inspiration and hope that such a dye could be discovered and the world now has cause to be grateful to them for following what so many thought was a will-o'-the-wisp.

Work of a German Jew

Paul Ehrlich, a German born of Jewish parentage in 1854, was the father of *chemotherapy*. Even when a medical student he became fascinated by the action of dyes. This interest persisted after his graduation and he became the first person to color selectively the bacteria that cause tuberculosis in infected tissue. This was not chemotherapy, however, as he could not give living people the poisonous stuff he used to color bacteria in tissues removed from the body. But he became determined to find a dye he could inject into the body which would act as a magic bullet on disease germs. Now in order to search for such a dye, it was important to have some laboratory animal which could be given a standard disease. One day Ehrlich read in a scientific journal a paper written by Laveran, who had found that mice could be infected with a

Sulphanilamide, the new magic bullet for the deadly streptococci, remained tucked away on a shelf for thirty years with its marvelous curative powers unknown and untested.

How this substance, which was believed for years to be nothing more than one of the innumerable incidental products of organic chemists' genius, came to be used in medicine only recently, is a fascinating story.

And it is not generally known that a Canadian played a significant part in the series of researches responsible for demonstrating the practicability of chemotherapy—the science of killing disease organisms in the body by complex chemicals which hurt only the disease organisms and not the body.

special kind of trypanosome (trypanosomes are rather large disease organisms; one variety causes sleeping sickness in man). Furthermore, Laveran said that although the mice always died of the disease, he had found that injecting rather crude preparations of arsenic into them would sometimes help for a time. This report of Laveran was of great help to Ehrlich, because it provided him with an almost perfect experimental animal and experimental disease with which to search for his magic bullet, and the knowledge that one chemical had at least a slight effect on the organism.

Ehrlich and his helpers tried to kill the trypanosomes in their infected mice with hundreds of different dyes. But for years the mice died regularly, just the same as if they were untreated, until one day in 1903 he tried still another dye, a new substance just created, which they called trypan red. This colored the mice a fine pink color, but more important, the pink mice recovered. After a time, many of them sickened again and this time the dye didn't help very much. What was still worse, the dye had little effect on human sleeping sickness caused by trypanosomes and found it had definite curative value. He even tried it on himself, atoxyl did hurt people; it occasionally made them blind. But even so, as previously white persons were almost sure to die of sleeping sickness if they caught the disease, the drug was a great advance and atoxyl cured thousands of cases of sleeping sickness.

When Ehrlich heard of and read Thomas' work, he, too, decided to work with arsenical compounds. He had the help of brilliant organic chemists and these synthesized hundreds and hundreds of new complex compounds. Many of these killed trypanosomes, but they also hurt the mice. After testing six hundred and five without a perfect one being discovered, the six hundred and sixth did almost everything they hoped for; it seemed almost perfect. Ehrlich was eager to try it on diseases other than those caused by trypanosomes. So he turned to diseases caused by spirochaetes, because he thought these were something like trypanosomes. He first tested the new drug on a spirochaete disease of chickens. It worked so well he next tested it on the spirochaete that causes syphilis. And here was Ehrlich's great triumph, because it cured, or at least arrested, the progress of this disease which hitherto had made life a hopeless and horrible thing for millions of people.

McGill Man Helps

Ehrlich now changed his methods. Instead of testing more new dyes he began to work with arsenical compounds. The reason for this change was the splendid research of a young Canadian. His part in the development of chemotherapy seems generally to have been given little credit in comparison to the amount it deserves. This young man was H. Wolferstan Thomas. He was a graduate of McGill and per-

formed this research at the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine. Like Ehrlich, he had read Laveran's paper about arsenic sometimes helping mice infected with trypanosomes. He wondered if some arsenic compounds could not be found which would hurt the body less and the trypanosomes more. He searched and found that a complex arsenic compound called atoxyl had been made several years before which was claimed to be relatively non-toxic. So Thomas tried atoxyl on mice infected with trypanosomes and found it had definite curative value. He even tried it on himself to make sure it wouldn't hurt people. After this it was used for human sleeping sickness caused by trypanosomes and it worked, not perfectly, but very effectively. But despite Thomas' experiments on himself, atoxyl did hurt people; it occasionally made them blind. But even so, as previously white persons were almost sure to die of sleeping sickness if they caught the disease, the drug was a great advance and atoxyl cured thousands of cases of sleeping sickness.

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Killing Streptococci

After this, great progress was made in chemotherapy, but it was chiefly in the realm of tropical diseases which in general are caused by larger organisms of a somewhat different type from the bacteria which cause most of the diseases in temperate climates. Pneumonia, blood poisoning, meningitis and so on did not respond to any of the various chemotherapeutic agents which were by this time controlling nearly all the tropical diseases, that is until 1932 when the first of the new magic bullets was discovered.

In 1927, another German pathologist and bacteriologist, Domagk, became like Ehrlich, fascinated by the selective staining of bacteria by dyes. He began to hunt for one which would kill streptococci, the bacteria that cause so many rapid and fatal infections. He enlisted the help of ingenious organic chemists to make him many new dyes and in 1932 he found one they called prontosil, which saved mice infected with deadly streptococci.

This dye did not become readily available for three years. In this interval it was thoroughly tested;

also its manufacture was thoroughly covered by patents by the firm which had financed Domagk's researches and paid his salary. And even when it did become available the medical profession was very skeptical. They had been fooled many times before by enthusiastic claims about other dyes. But it soon became apparent that prontosil was different. Dramatic cures of streptococci infections were reported from all sides. One English surgeon whose finger had been pricked with an infected instrument, and who was well on his way to a likely fatal blood poisoning, took prontosil and quickly recovered. Women with puerperal fever after childbirth were given prontosil and they, too, recovered. In one hospital where seventeen per cent of the cases of puerperal fever had formerly died, a series given prontosil had a mortality of less than one and a half per cent. Prontosil also did amazing things for streptococcal meningitis. This is worse than the epidemic meningitis which crops up in wars; it is almost universally fatal. Yet in one group given prontosil, thirty-two out of thirty-nine cases recovered. One of the most dramatic cures of all was Domagk's own daughter. While the drug was still in the experimental stage she developed a bad case of streptococcal blood poisoning. When she was sinking fast they tried the relatively untested new drug as a last resort. She quickly rallied and completely recovered.

Thirty Years' Delay

With results like these being reported it is not surprising that Germany was soon supplying prontosil to the whole world. This state of affairs, however, did not last for long, because three French investigators made the surprising discovery that in all probability prontosil was effective, not because it was a complex dye but because it contained a simpler substance (but with a more complicated name) sulphanilamide, in its chemical make-up. Then almost immediately an English scientist, Fuller, proved that the body acted on prontosil to form this simpler substance. Now this substance, sulphanilamide, had been synthesized away back in 1908, hence its manufacture could not be protected by patents. So firms in all countries could make it and this made it cheaper. But it is depressing to think that sulphanilamide, as one of thousands of chemical curiosities which are the product of the organic chemists' genius, sat on a shelf for about thirty years with its curative properties unknown and untested. All of us know of someone whose life would have been saved if it had been tested sooner.

Although sulphanilamide proved to be efficacious for combatting virulent streptococci and a few other bacteria, it was not nearly so efficient in dealing with the bacteria that cause lobar pneumonia. However, it was not long before a group of workers in Great Britain, after testing over one hundred compounds, found one which is variously called M and B 693, sulphapyridine and Dagenan, which was very effective in pneumonia. After being thoroughly tested in mice it was tried in hospitals and it was found to reduce greatly the incidence of death in this type of pneumonia. It has also been found to be equally effective against many other bacteria.

But there were still several disease organisms outside the fold of those for which chemotherapeutic agents had been found. Staphylococcus, the organism that causes boils and carbuncles, messy wound and bone infections, and sometimes fatal blood poisoning, is an example; the tubercle bacillus is another. So the hunt for new chemotherapeutic agents continued. Thousands more compounds were prepared. One new one, sulphathiazole, has been reported to have some slight chemotherapeutic effect on staphy-



Nahane Abbe, Q.M.S., son of a Gold Coast Chief, and now serving with the Gold Coast Brigade, who is writing a book entitled "The Life and Death Struggle for Western Civilization". Proceeds of the book are to be given to the widows of the Brigade.

coocci as well as a powerful effect on certain other infections. There is even some indication it may prove to be a potent weapon to combat the bacillus that causes plague.

That chemotherapy is now one of the most popular branches of medical research in Canada was evident last year by the applications for financial assistance for medical research problems received and considered by the Banting Research Foundation. Four of the fourteen individual grants made were for studies on this subject. On one of these researches assisted by the Foundation, seventy new compounds were tested in an attempt to find an agent to combat staphylococcus. On another, it was shown that there need be no great fear that sulphapyridine therapy could cause a more or less permanent complication. If it had its use might have been greatly restricted. On another, several new compounds were found which were just as efficacious as sulphanilamide in experimental meningitis, and some of these were less toxic than sulphanilamide. On a fourth study assisted by the Banting Research Foundation it was found that the administration of sulphapyridine greatly diminished the incidence of croupy as a complication of one type of pneumonia in children, and also that a commonly used local anesthetic tended to inhibit the action of chemotherapeutic agents in the body fluids.

The history of chemotherapy is the story of a great triumph of science. It is not fair to think of it as a triumph of one medical science because most of the triumphs are due to the combined efforts of chemists and bacteriologists. These compounds, most of which are used by physicians, have been almost abolished by other means, for example diphtheria, and those that remain un-conquered are being, or are successfully attacked by chemotherapy. There remain, however, the diseases caused by the smallest organisms of all, the viruses. Whether these diseases, of which infantile paralysis is one, will yield to chemotherapy in the future cannot be foretold. But the fact that one virus disease (not infantile paralysis) found in the tropics seems to be benefitted by chemotherapy provides a small ray of hope that the manufacture and testing of thousands and thousands more compounds may provide medical science with further weapons in this field as well.



Belgium is raising another army which is being trained in Canada. Here Roger Deneef, champion cyclist, who was riding in a 6-day race in Buenos Aires when he was called to the colors, shows his companions how he did it. The onlookers are, from left to right: Rene Rondelet, Peace River, Alta.; Andre de Lathouwer and Marcel Nauwelaerts, both from New York.

"THE BACK PAGE"

Wild Poets I've Known : Archibald Lampman

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

IT WAS forty-three long years ago, in the shabby old editorial room of the *Montreal Herald* filled with the smell of turpentine and printer's ink and the rumble of presses and the clinking of typewriters, that Dr. Drummond's phone-call informed me Archibald Lampman was in town and I was slated to spend an evening with that bird of passage and his big-crowned host.

It's only in your 'teens and your early twenties that you are a hero-worshipper. And I can still remember my tingling excitement as I answered that call and made my way up to "The Habitant's" home on Sherbrooke Street. It was the end of June and an intensely hot night. The door of the Drummond house stood open, in fact, and no lights showed from within. But my moment of doubt vanished when, after a repeated ring, a servant appeared and silently escorted me up through an oddly silent house. He piloted me to a door that opened on an upstairs loggia or sun-porch that faced the south. This porch, well screened by vines and the muffling branches of maples, was in utter darkness, though one could make out, through the leaves, the diminishing spangle of street-lamps that fell away from the mountain-side down to the quays of the St. Lawrence, over which a full red moon was just coming up.

The darkness of the place puzzled me until out of the silence boomed the genial and sturdy baritone of Dr. Drummond.

"Come out, Stringer," he cried. "Come out," he repeated as the rattle of chair legs sounded on a bare floor. I blinked and peered through the darkness, and at the farther end of the porch I finally discerned two cherry-glow points of light. Each small glow was the tip of a cigar. The two lovers of nature had been sitting there, smoking, and quietly watching the moonlight through the sifting maple leaves.

I HAD plainly enough, interrupted their reverie. As Drummond rose from his chair he reached up and with a turn of the wrist flooded the place with the revealing white light of a porch-lamp set in the ceiling. As the light came on the second man rose to his feet. He'd been squatting on the floor, Indian-like, with a couple of sofa-pillows under him. This second man was Archibald Lampman. His movement, as my hand went out to him, had the diffident impersonality of a child interrupted in play. He stood there, gently abashed, looking small beside the massive frame of Drummond. I got, too, an impression of childlike awkwardness as he jostled against a flat-top of tabouret and impelled the bottle of Scotch and siphon of soda resting thereon.

But I was more interested in the bard than in the bottles. I saw before me a man slight of frame, with a pendulous forehead and a smallish yellow-brown beard. His neatly chiselled face was long and thin and touched with melancholy. The almost womanly delicacy of moulding and the large gentleness of the meditative eyes at once reminded me of earlier suggestions that so many of this earth's men of genius carried with them a mysterious touch of the feminine. It can be seen in the portrait of Shelley in the Bodleian, just as it can be deciphered in the soft-lipped Droseshout Shakespeare in the Memorial Gallery at Stratford. Even Raphael wasn't ashamed to insinuate it into his self-portrait in the Vatican. And there it was before me once more in the living and breathing Lampman. There the discerning eye could detect the familiar unmasculine reversion to the emotional (which, of course, is the true artist's source of strength and sorrow), the same old sensitivity of spirit, the same relapse to intuition, the same ready and immediate response to what men call beauty, the same outward shyness that sheathed the inner courage of the true creator.

THE carelessly dressed figure before me looked frail. But from it I harvested an impression of some stubborn inner strength that could mock and defy the outer fragility of the flesh. The very hand I clasped in my big paw was small and thin and almost bony. My quick shock of apprehension as I felt the moist chilliness of the fingers was later confirmed by Drummond's confession. Lampman had a bad heart. Rheumatic fever, in his eighth year, had left him with a weakened constitution and a valve-murmur. All his life had been a quietly courageous fight against ill-health.

He drank sparingly that night, I noticed, and he would smoke only one cigar as we sat talking under the indolent summer moon with the lordly St. Lawrence at our feet and the sleeping city at our side. His body remained quiet but his mind showed itself to be electrically alive. And it wasn't of moose-hunting and trout-fishing that Drummond and his guests talked that night. The author of "Among The Millet" piloted his more worldly companions along more Pierian streams. We talked about the older and the younger Canadian poets, and argued about landscape in literature, and debated as to whether the writing of poetry should be vocational or avocational, and fell to quoting those purple patches we could remember from the master-weavers of word-magic and discussing the attributes that made

such passages stay in the memory for both Lampman and Drummond remember, had once been school-teachers! It impressed me, at the time, as Olympian in its wisdom. But it may have been the Scotch and soda. I know I afterwards always regretted that I hadn't got busy with my reporter's pencil and pad.

When we said good-night after the big doctor had announced it was time all sane folk were a-bed—I screwed up the courage to tell Lampman of an intended visit to Ottawa, which was then his home.

Lampman said he'd be glad to see me, and inquired about the date of my prospective visit. "But," he added in what struck me as an unexpectedly dolorous afterthought, "anything can happen between now and then, you know." And as I walked home through the silent city streets I carried with me the impression that this was to be the first and last time I'd ever see Archibald Lampman.

But I was wrong there. For, oddly enough, I saw Lampman again, the very next day. I came face to face with him not four blocks from Windsor Station. I saw the slight, blonde, diminutive figure coming abstractedly towards me in the strong noonday sunlight. I stopped. I suppose with a look of recognition or some reasonable sign of greeting. I may even have spoken and held out my hand. I can't now be sure on that point. All I remember is that the lonely and self-estranged figure, the wandering and almost incorporeal presence, brushed past me, went by within three feet of me, without seeing, without hearing.

I KNOW, however, that no sense of affront stayed with me. We'd had our comradely evening together and between sea-farer and sea-farer the fogs of everyday life had drifted again. I know I stood watching that meditative shadow as it passed on and was swallowed up by the crowd. I strained for one last look, in fact, for I was in some way once more dimly conscious that I'd never seen Archibald Lampman again. There came to my mind, as he vanished, his own lines:

Why do ye call the poet lonely,
Because he dreams in lonely
places?
He is not desolate, but only
Sees, where ye cannot, hidden
faces.

That intuitive impression of mine, as I looked after the author of "Alcyone," was all too soon verified. A few months later, on the 10th of February, 1899, to be exact, the uncrowned poet laureate of Canada passed away.

Perhaps, after all, I didn't know Lampman. I didn't know him, as a man, any more than you'd know the Louvre after a few hours between its crowded walls. But I knew enough of his poetry and his greatness as an interpreter of Canada to feel that his birthplace in Kent County should be marked by some sort of memorial. My earlier efforts to achieve that commemorative plinth were not richly rewarded. When I applied to the local member of parliament for some possible help from Ottawa, that merchant-politician's response was negative. "I know those Morpeth Lampman's," he proclaimed. "They never were much good. Why, I carried 'em on my books for twenty years!" *Bois tortu fait feu droit.* It wasn't until the more adept and executive hand of Dr. Sherwood Fox took up the cause and elicited the cooperation of the Canadian Authors' Association that anything was done. Then, frugally enriched by a rain of pennies from school-children throughout all Ontario, the eain committee was finally able, on the 13th of September 1930, to unveil a fitting memorial to Canada's nature poet within a stone's throw of where he had first seen the light of day.

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What Has Happened to That "Butter Shortage"?



Cablephoto of Hess's wrecked Messerschmitt 110 fighter plane.



David McLean with his mother. McLean captured Hess.

Rudolf Hess Flies the Coop

EARLY last week came word from Nazi headquarters in Berlin that 47-year-old Rudolf Walther Richard Hess, Nazi No. 3, was missing. According to Party headquarters, Hess had boarded a plane at Augsburg, Bavaria, 48 hours previous to the announcement and disappeared.

As the German propaganda office buried itself deeper and deeper in a morass of explanations of Hess's disappearance, the British Ministry of Information bided its time. Then Alfred Duff Cooper broke the story. Rudolf Hess was in a hospital in Glasgow suffering from a broken ankle sustained when the Messerschmitt 110 in which he had fled Germany crashed on the Duke of Hamilton's estate.

First man to know that Hess was over the British Isles was David McLean, a tenant on the Duke of Hamilton's estate. McLean heard a plane crash on his farm. A pilot dropped to earth in a parachute and David took him prisoner at the point of a pitchfork. At first the aviator said his name was Horn, but later he identified himself by means of papers and pictures as Rudolf Hess. From London flew Ivone A. Kirkpatrick, interpreter for Chamberlain at Munich, who knew Hess personally. Kirkpatrick dispelled all doubts.

For four days the newspapers of the world were in a dither. Hess, agreeable and talkative, was whisked away to secret quarters where hourly he was expected to



Ivone Kirkpatrick

talk. If he did, only the British Intelligence heard. The most the public learned was that his toenails were painted red.

But the public speculated from Columnist Dorothy Thompson to the delivery boy. At week's end, it seemed most likely that Hess had feared so much for his own skin that he had fled, leaving his wife Ilse and son in Germany; that he, a Red hater, feared a Russo-German alliance; that he had become disillusioned by the world's rampaging march of the Nazi armies. Only one thing was certain: if Hess talked he could give British arms a fillip.

BUTTER has been in the headlines from time to time for several months. Last December we were told we were facing a butter shortage by May 1. More sensational headlines said butter might be rationed. Prices which had already been moving up, advanced sharply. The Wartime Prices and Trade Board fixed a maximum price and the public was urged to restrict consumption. Then on May 1, when the shortage was supposed to occur, it was found that butter stocks were the second largest on record for that date.

Two main groups—Mrs. Housewife and Mr. Farmer—now look over these conflicting statements and ask "Why?" When they survey the statements made last December and try to reconcile them with the current information they probably both conclude that the figures used must have been wrong; that the old quip that "there are three kinds of lies: lies, damned lies and statistics", must be correct.

The fact was that the data presented were correct and gave a true picture, as far as it went. The whole picture, however, was not painted: the foreground was drawn in a number of bold, clear-cut strokes, but no background was given, against which

Why has the much-publicized butter shortage of last December failed to materialize? Was there ever any real likelihood that it would occur? Interpretation of available facts show that, at best, it was highly improbable that there would be a shortage.

What has the farmer to kick about? Nothing more nor less than the fact that during the winter, when he received a fair price for his small winter output, someone else made a large inventory profit on a substantial part of the butter he had produced at low prices last summer.

this sharply defined foreground might be viewed in the proper perspective.

Let us first look at this foreground. During the first nine months of 1940, disappearance of current production and stocks of butter had risen moderately (2.6 per cent.) above that of the same period in 1939. Then in October and November disappearance jumped by nearly 17 per cent. above the like months of the previous year. Production was slightly lower and, as a result, wholesale stocks of butter in the Dominion on December 1st were nearly 8 million pounds below those a year earlier. From this it was concluded that there would be a shortage of butter in Canada by May

1, when stocks normally reach their low point. Such was the picture presented. As will be seen, however, it presents an entirely different view when the background, against which it should be viewed, is sketched.

First let us view the background of the disappearance or consumption side of the panorama. Consider the comment of the Chairman of the Dairy Products Board in Saskatoon on December 17 that he did not know how to account for this sudden increase in disappearance, some reasons appear fairly obvious though it is true that they cannot be translated into quantitative terms.

In the first place October is a month when industrial purchases of

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Is Labor Sabotaging the War?

BY P. M. RICHARDS

"THE new world will be very unlike the last; never in my lifetime do I expect to see again the extremes of riches and poverty that have existed. I don't believe in the 'good old days' any more. We can write them off," Robert Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia, said this the other day. No doubt a vast majority of the citizens of the Democracies believe with him that a new and better world is coming after the war, as a result of the new sense of brotherhood and the new ability to overcome obstacles brought about by the Democracies' whole-hearted resistance to Hitlerism.

What value is there in this belief? The only possible basis for it is a conviction that after the war there will be a sense of unity of interest between classes and economic groups such as has not existed heretofore. Will it exist in the future? Does it

really exist now, even in the face of the Hitlerist menace?

No one who observes the present efforts of many branches of Labor to "profiteer" on the war emergency can give an unqualified "yes" to that question. All over this continent Labor is threatening to cease work on essential war production if wage increases are not granted. Many serious production hold-ups have already occurred. Undoubtedly some small minority are direct results of the work of enemy agents. Others are due to racketeering foreign labor organizers who are seizing upon the war emergency (the urgent need for production plus the growing shortage of trained labor) as an opportunity to force the unionization of Canadian plants and thereby feather their own nests, and incidentally tie Canadian labor into American labor organizations.

Understandable, but Unpatriotic

But behind all of the present restiveness of Canadian labor is the knowledge that the cost of living is rising, that there are new and increased taxes, and that the Government, through its wage-bonus plan to offset the higher cost of living, has encouraged labor to demand wage increases as a right in wartime. Furthermore, there is the remembrance of recent long years of industrial depression and reduced employment, a fear that business will slump again as soon as peace comes, a desire to make hay while the sun shines, and the knowledge that, all around, aggressive demanders are getting pay increases.

No doubt most Canadian workers thus trying to exploit the war emergency do not realize that their behavior is extremely unpatriotic. Presumably they

fail to see that to the extent that they succeed in obtaining wage increases that offset, and perhaps considerably more than offset, their share of the financial burden of the war, they are adding to the load that has to be carried by others and more important working to defeat the Government's endeavor to raise the largest possible war revenues and volume of production. Yet these workers thus striving to escape any personal sacrifice and whose intention rather is to win a selfish advantage from the war daily exclaim admiringly over the heroism, self-sacrifice and unity of the people of Britain.

Unfortunately it is a more serious matter than mere inequality of sacrifice. There is, of course, the distressing loss of production from strikes at a time when Britain (and Canada's own troops in Britain) stand in urgent need of tanks, planes, etc. Consciences of recalcitrant workers must surely bother them on that point. But they probably do not understand that their course is wholly opposed to the country's economic interests.

Must Prevent Runaway Price Rise

One of the big jobs before the Government is to prevent a runaway rise in prices. Such a rise would tend to result from the public having more money to spend than there are goods for it to spend it on. And that is precisely the situation which will prevail if wages rise and keep on rising since the supply of purchasable goods is being daily decreased by the diversion of manufacturing power to war supplies.

Every increase in wages in these times means, in the case of war-goods workers, added cost to the Government purchasing war supplies and a nullification of the sacrifices being made by taxpayers and bond and savings certificate purchasers to aid the national war effort, and in the case of non-war workers, an increased cost to consumers (very many of whom have no increase in income) and the creation of new demands for wage increases as a result of the higher prices.

And it's of interest to note that the *real value* (the money in terms of what it will buy) of the average annual wage in Canadian industry is already substantially higher than it was in "boomtime" 1929, despite the increase in the cost of living (about 7 per cent) since this war started.

In these days Canada's economy is necessarily under a very heavy strain. The current widespread efforts of workers to profit on the national emergency amount to nothing less than sabotage, though doubtless most of them don't realize it.



better for making of canned soups, and for pastries and candies for the holiday season are heavy. Owing to the increases in employment, prospects for the sale of these "goodies" were good. Thus, when there were rumors of exporting butter to Britain, these industrial purchases were probably accelerated and storage in wholesale storage were drawn down. This brisk trade caused a price increase and, in turn, aroused the interest of Mrs. Housewife in the situation.

Then came the rumors of a shortage. Numerous persons bought, instead of their normal needs, sufficient butter for several weeks or even months. If we assume that even half a million families during the months of November and December bought extra supplies of six pounds per family and there were many cases where the figure was much larger, this would account for an increase in disappearance of 3 million pounds over the like months of last year as compared with an actual increase of 6 million pounds. Such a movement would start slowly but as prices rose steadily and more publicity was given to the shortage it gained momentum. Thus the "butter shortage" appeared. In "discovering" this shortage, however, a number of rather important factors were ignored which had very direct bearing on the situation and which should have indicated to those in the trade and to Department of Agriculture officials that the situation was not so tight as was imagined.

Buying for Storage

In the first place the heavy disappearance in the last quarter of the year could be accounted for in a large part by consumer buying for storage. While the quantity so accounted for could not be determined exactly, it certainly should have given reason to believe that disappearance in the early months of 1941 would not exceed that of the previous year. Moreover, the sharp increase in price, itself would act as a brake on consumption. As might be expected from this, disappearance in the first three months of 1941 was appreciably smaller (2 million pounds) than a year earlier.

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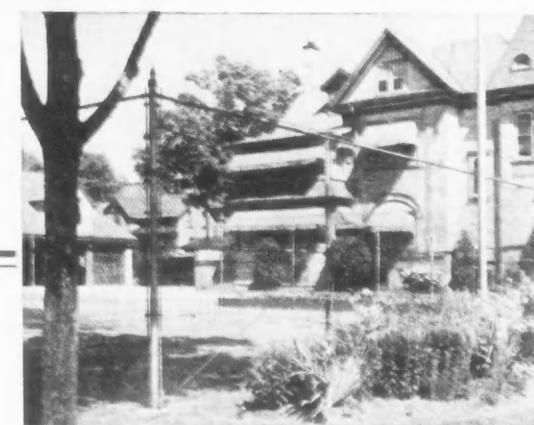
Here, proudly displaying a banner on which can be seen the Lion of Judah, are some of Emperor Haile Selassie's entourage who trekked 200 miles through jungle and mountains to set up camp a few miles from the Ethiopian capital. Haile Selassie is now ensconced once more in his palace.

Moreover, though it was true that butter stocks were about 8 million pounds smaller than December 1, 1940, it was equally true, however, that the December 1 stocks of 42 million pounds were the fourth largest on record for that date. Production in the first eleven months of 1940 had been slightly smaller than in 1939. Even if it were assumed that for the five low production months—December 1 to May 1 production fell 2 per cent. below that of 1939-40, it would have totalled at least 47 million pounds, giving a total supply of 99 millions for the period. As shown above there was little reason to believe that disappearance would increase above that from December 1 to May 1 of the previous year when it amounted to about 96 million pounds and this left a margin of some 3 million pounds.

Actually butter output showed a substantial gain over the period again for a reason entirely overlooked by those interested. Larger output on the Prairies accounts for about three-quarters of the increase and this larger output reflects not so much the higher price but the improvement in feed conditions in the area over the past three years. This in turn made possible a rebuilding of the cattle population after its depletion during the drought years, and the increase in butter output has resulted. This is a factor that the laymen should not be expected to have considered, but is one that should have been taken into account by the "experts" in the field. Such was the missing background and when the picture is viewed as a whole it becomes obvious that the likelihood of a butter shortage by May 1 was extremely remote, if it ever existed at all.

The Effect

Now comes the question of what has been the effect of the partly-painted picture. To Mrs. Housewife it meant some increase in the cost of butter and now that the shortage has failed to appear she probably feels rather annoyed about the matter. Equally important is the place of Mr. Farmer. Some individuals will look at the situation and say "What is he kicking about? He got a good price for his butter all winter." This is true but what again needs to be remembered is that Mr. Farmer produces less than 25 per cent. of the total milk that goes to make butter in the five months December to April inclusive. This year from December to April inclusive he produced 53 million pounds of butter. During the same period 32 million pounds of storage butter were sold for the same price that Mr. Farmer received, an average of about 34c. For this butter Mr. Farmer had received only about 23c per pound when it was produced.



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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

ASSOCIATED GAS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I am holding a \$1,000 5 per cent convertible bond of the Associated Gas & Electric Company, due February 1, 1950, with interest unpaid in August, 1940, and for February, 1941. Please let me know if you consider it advisable to hold this bond.

H. B. M., Windsor, Ont.

Associated Gas & Electric Company bonds are highly speculative and are, I think, quite unattractive as a hold at the present time.

Associated Gas & Electric Company controls, through a series of sub-holding companies, one of the largest utility systems in the United States. Primarily because of new property acquisitions, the revenues of the system rose steadily from 1933 to a new peak in 1939. Costs expanded at a much faster pace, however, and fixed charges increased substantially as a result of large property acquisitions.

At the present time the company is facing a re-organization which may speed conformance with the Holding Company Act, although the widely scattered properties and the complicated corporate structure present serious problems.

The bonds have some speculative possibilities, but I think they are limited, for with the United States facing an even more vigorous war effort which will require additional taxation, this company, along with others in the same field, face heavier taxation.

MISSINAIBI CLAYS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Will you please advise me as to the degree of success which may reasonably be anticipated for Missinaibi Clays and Mining Ltd?

R. B. D., Brockville, Ont.

While Missinaibi Clays and Mining Ltd. anticipates early production of refractory clays and silica sand from the property of General Refractory Products, on which it has acquired a 20-year lease, I am unable to advise you as to the success it will meet with in a commercial way. Company officials, however, anticipate that if production starts in a modest manner and operations are enlarged as the market for its product opens, there is the possibility of the establishment of a highly profitable enterprise. War conditions may enhance the prospects for the company.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

The CYCLICAL or major direction of New York stock market prices was confirmed as downward in early May, 1940. The SHORT-TERM movement was confirmed as upward on June 12 but is now undergoing test as to continuation.

DIVERGENCE OF THE AVERAGES

American stocks continue their testing movement of recent weeks. This movement has been characterized by weakness in the industrial list as against resistance to the decline by the rail section of the market. Thus, whereas the Dow-Jones industrial average closed on May 17 at 116.11 as compared with a close of 117.66 at the low point of last February's weakness, the rail average, on May 17 closed at 27.82, compared with its mid-February low point of 26.54.

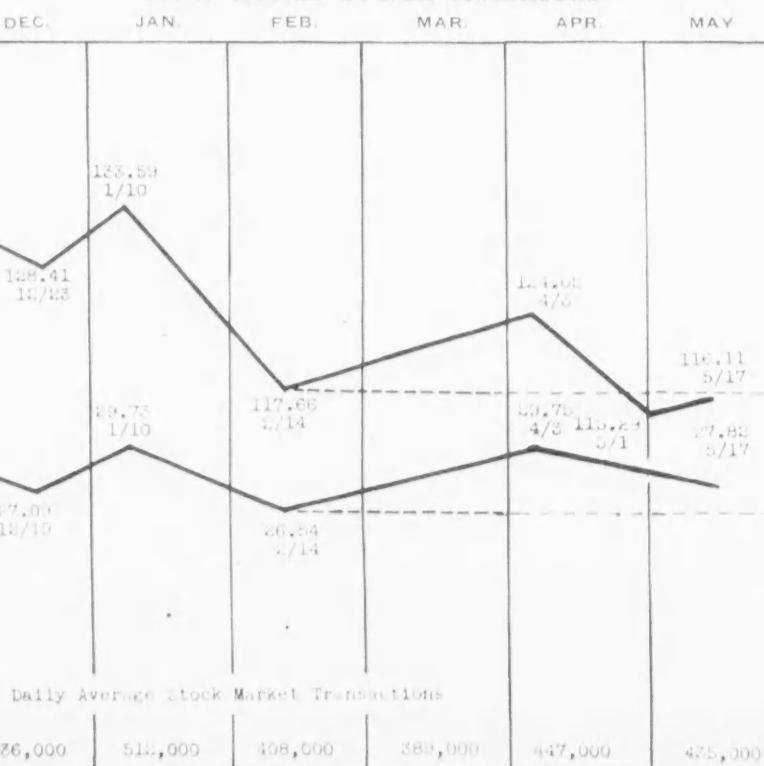
This refusal of one average, at an approximate bottom level for the market, to follow the weakness of the other average, lends some element of encouragement to the technical picture. Particularly is this so when the divergence is considered in conjunction with the relatively small turnover of daily trading and the various adverse news developments to which the stock market has been treated during the past month.

WILL GET INTO GEAR AGAIN

In due course the averages will get into gear again. That is, either the rails will turn soft, thereby confirming the current action of the industrials, or the industrials will turn strong, thereby confirming the current action of the rails. Ability of both averages to move above their early April rally points, as would be reflected by closes at 125.66 and 30.76, would be distinctly significant. This strength would confirm the current factors of a favorable nature discussed in the preceding paragraph. A sizable rally would be indicated.

A close in the rail average at or under 25.53, however, would represent decisive penetration by this average of its mid-February low point, thereby signalling, in connection with the current weakness in the industrials, a full testing of the May 1940 cyclical bottom levels.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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NOTICE OF DIVIDEND
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NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Twenty-Five Cents per share on the shares of the Company without nominal value, payable on Friday, the 25th day of June 1941 to shareholders of record Thursday, the 24th day of June, 1941.

By order of the Board
N. G. HEDDOW
Secretary

Dated at Toronto this 140th day of May 1941

LAKE SHORE MINES LIMITED
(No Personal Liability)

DIVIDEND NO. 88

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Thirty-Five Cents per share on the shares of the Company, will be paid on the sixteenth day of June 1941 to shareholders of record at the close of business on the second day of June 1941. The payment of this dividend is subject to the approval of the Yukon Exchange Control Board.

By order of the Board
KIRKLAND SECURITIES LIMITED
SECRETARY

Dated at Kirkland Lake, Ontario
May 15th, 1941

ABOUT INSURANCE

Control of Fire Insurance Rates

BY GEORGE GILBERT

WHILE it is optional in Canada whether or not a fire insurance company shall belong to a rate-making body, such as a board of underwriters or tariff association, in certain states across the line every insurance company or other insurer authorized to effect insurance against the risk of loss or damage by fire or lightning is required to maintain or be a member of a rating bureau.

It is provided that a rating bureau may consist of one or more insurers and when consisting of two or more insurers is required to admit to membership any authorized insurer applying therefor. The expense of such bureau is shared by the members in proportion to the gross premiums, less return premiums, received by each member in the state during the preceding year, to which may be added an annual fee not exceeding \$25. Each member has one vote.

Every rating bureau must maintain an office in the state, except that such reciprocal or inter-insurance exchanges as make their own rates may maintain their rating bureaus at their central offices anywhere in the United States, but they must file their schedule of rates with the Commissioner of Insurance of the state. Each insurer in its annual application for license is required to specify each rating bureau making rates upon property within the state of which it is a member and during the year must file written notice of any other such bureau of which it becomes a member.

Risk Inspection

Every such bureau is required to inspect or cause to be inspected every risk specifically rated by it upon schedule and to make a written survey of such risk which must be filed as a permanent record in the office of the bureau. A copy of such survey must be furnished to the owner of the risk upon request without expense to the owner. The bureau must also file in its office as a permanent record all flat rates and rates on farm property within the state, and, further, must file a copy with the Commissioner of Insurance.

Competition is depended upon by the authorities in some countries, including Canada, to protect the public against excessive fire insurance rates and unfair discrimination in charges between risks of essentially the same character and classification, there being little or no government supervision of rates or rate-making bodies.

But in a number of the American states insurers transacting fire insurance are required to maintain or be members of a rating bureau and to file their rates with the State Insurance Department, which rates are subject to review from time to time as to their reasonableness. Provision is also made for dealing with complaints of risk owners as to unfair discrimination in rates.

It is provided that no insurer or rating bureau shall fix or charge any rate for fire insurance upon property in the state which discriminates unfairly between risks in the application of like charges and credits, or which discriminates unfairly between risks of essentially the same hazards, territorial classification, and having substantially the same protection against fire.

Any variation from the established schedule of rates must be uniform in its application to all of the risks in the class for which the variation is made, and no such variation is to be made unless notice thereof has been given to the rating bureau of which the insurer is a member and to the Commissioner of Insurance at least fifteen days before such uniform variation goes into effect, and schedules providing for such variation must be filed with the rating bureau and the Commissioner of Insurance showing the amended basic rate and amended charges and credits and application of the amended schedules to individual risks in the class or classes affected.

Rate Discrimination

Upon written complaint that discrimination in rates exist, the Commissioner of Insurance is empowered to order a hearing for the purpose of determining such question of discrimination, the hearing to be held before him after fifteen days' notice to all parties interested. If the Com-

missioner determines that the rate complained of is discriminatory, he is empowered to order the discrimination removed and a rate substituted by the rating bureau or insurer which is not discriminatory. Any party in interest dissatisfied with the order of the Commissioner may, within fifteen days from the issue of such order and notice thereof, commence an action in the district court for the purpose of reviewing such order, the case to be duly set for hearing and to proceed as in other cases. During the pendency of the court proceedings, the order is to be suspended. In the event of final determination against the insurance company, any overcharge during the pendency of the court proceedings is to be returned by it to the person or persons entitled thereto.

Every fire insurance company is required to file in the office of the Commissioner on or before July 1 of each year a classification of premium receipts and losses for the state during the preceding calendar year, the classification to conform as nearly as possible to that kept by the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

If at any time it appears to the Commissioner that the rates charged for fire insurance in the state are excessive or unreasonable, in that the results of the business of stock fire insurance companies in the state during the five years next preceding the year in which the investigation is made, as indicated by the sworn annual statements of the insurance companies to the State Insurance Department, show an aggregate underwriting profit in excess of a reasonable amount, then the Commissioner is empowered to order a reduction in rates which will reduce the underwriting profit to a reasonable amount.

Reasonable Profit

It is provided that any reduction order by the Commissioner is to be applied to such class or classes of risks as the companies or rating bureau or bureaus may elect. In determining the question of a reasonable underwriting profit, the Commissioner, as a protection to policyholders, is required to give proper and reasonable consideration to the conflagration liability within and without the state. Any order of the Commissioner in this connection is subject to the same summary court review as that provided for in the case of a rate discrimination order by the Commissioner, which has already been dealt with above.

It is further enacted that no fire insurance company or any other insurer, and no rating bureau, or any representative of any fire insurance company or other insurer, or rating bureau, is to enter into or act upon any agreement with regard to the making, fixing or collecting of any rate for fire insurance upon property within the state except in compliance with the provisions of this law.

This law, however, does not apply to mutual insurance companies organized under the laws of the state, nor to the rolling stock of railroad corporations or property in transit while in the possession of railroad companies or other common carriers used or employed by them in their business of carrying freight, merchandise or passengers.



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INQUIRIES

Editor, About Insurance:

I am again coming for some advice and information. My husband recently passed on and left a \$5,000 life insurance policy in the Equitable Life Insurance Co. Is it an advisable thing to turn it into a Life Annuity whereby I would receive so much every month for life with this same company? Is there any difference between a Government annuity and an Insurance company annuity? Would one be any safer than the other? Some time ago I saw in your paper that you considered the Equitable a safe Company to do business with.

Any advice you could give me, I certainly would appreciate so much as I realize a woman has to be very careful re investments etc.

M. J. S., Woodstock, Ont.

If your object is to use the \$5,000 so as to provide a steady and safe income for yourself for the rest of your life, however long you live, you could not do better with the money than purchase an immediate life annuity from either the Equitable Life Insurance Co. of Canada or the Dominion Government, as your money would be safe in either case and as you would be sure of receiving the income regularly however far into the future your life might extend.

If there is any one dependent upon you and for whom you might feel like making some provision in the event of your death within the next few years, you could buy the annuity on the ten-year guaranteed plan, so that should you die before the ten years were up, the remainder of the payments would go to your heirs. Of course, the payments would be continued to you as long as you lived in any event.

Editor, About Insurance:

Would you kindly give me the names of a number of mutual fire insurance companies other than the North Western Mutual and the Mill Owners Mutual.

Are those you may mention equal in strength and reliability with the above two?

M. J. A., North Bay, Ont.

Mutual fire insurance companies that are safe to do business with, other than the North Western Mutual and the Mill Owners Mutual, include the following:

Commerce Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of St. Hyacinthe, Que.; Ontario office, 36 Toronto St., Toronto.

Economical Mutual Fire Insurance Co., Kitchener, Ont.

Gore District Mutual Fire Insurance Co., Galt, Ont.

Hardware Dealers Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of Stevens Point, Wisconsin; Canadian head office, Toronto, Ont.

Minnesota Implement Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of Owatonna, Minneapolis; Canadian head office, Toronto.

National Retailers Mutual Insurance Co. of Chicago, Illinois; Canadian head office, Toronto, Ont.

Wawanesa Mutual Insurance Co. of Wawanesa, Manitoba; Ontario office, 117 Harbor St., Toronto, Ont.

All these companies are regularly licensed and have deposits with the Government at Ottawa for the protection of Canadian policyholders exclusively. All claims are readily collectable.

Editor, About Insurance:

I am often asked about the difference in board and non-board companies, tariff and non-tariff. Perhaps you can help me out.

S. L. A., Ottawa, Ont.

What are known as board or tariff companies are simply those companies which belong to the Canadian Underwriters' Association or a similar body, and are obligated to abide by its rules and regulations as to rates to be charged for insurance, commissions to be paid agents etc., while non-board or non-tariff companies are those companies which do not belong to such an organization, and are accordingly at liberty to fix their own premiums, rates of commission to agents etc.

In the case of fire insurance for example, experience has shown the necessity of the companies getting together to share the expense of the rate-making machinery required to transact fire insurance throughout the country with safety to the public and to the companies themselves. No single company could afford the cost of maintaining such machinery itself, and so the companies join together in the board or tariff association in order to divide the cost. The great majority of the largest and strongest companies are members of the board or tariff association.

Non-board or non-tariff companies, while not contributing to the cost of the rate-making machinery, reap the benefits to a large extent as it is not difficult to ascertain what the board or tariff rates are, and so they can make their own rates in the knowledge of what the tariff companies are charging.

There are large and strong non-tariff companies as well as tariff and in selecting a company to insure with it is advisable to judge it on its own merits, whether tariff or non-tariff.

Editor, About Insurance:

I would appreciate your opinion as to the stability of the Firemen's Insurance Company of Newark, N.J. who apparently are in a position to quote lower than Board rates.

M.R.D., Winnipeg, Man.

Firemen's Insurance Company of Newark, N.J., with Canadian head office at Toronto, was incorporated in 1885, and has been doing business in Canada since 1912. It is regularly licensed in this country, and has a deposit with the Government at Ottawa of \$393,950 for the protection of Canadian policyholders exclusively.

Its total assets in Canada at the beginning of 1940, the latest date for which Government figures are available, were \$467,017, while its total liabilities in this country amounted to \$162,204, showing a surplus here of \$304,813. It is a non-board company. All claims are readily collectable, and the company is safe to insure with.



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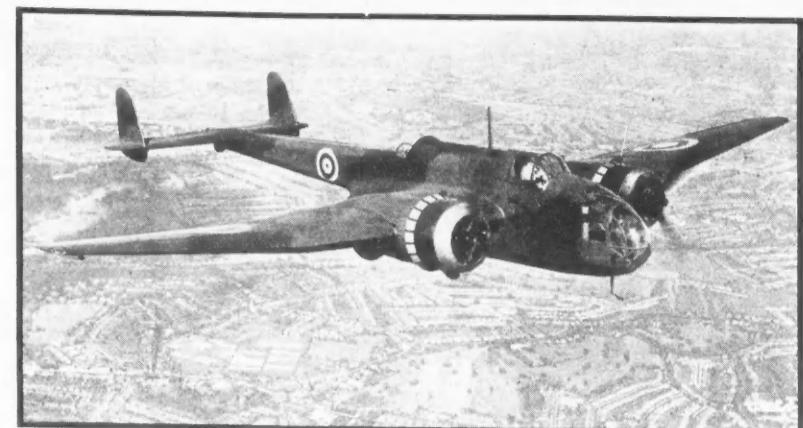
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After The Budget

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

On paper, says, Mr. Layton, the recent British budget seems to have checked inflation. That's all right for now. But what about the post-war reconstruction period?

Britain's finances will be greatly weakened and reconstruction will clearly call for an extension of State finance. And there is an inflationary basis already prepared. In short, the British government is guarding against inflation in war, but is doing little to meet the threat in peacetime.

THE mixed reception which the British Budget got can, now that we have had time to digest it, be traced to what one observer has called its fundamental inconsistency. Whether it will really prove to be a "Pay as You Go" Budget, or whether the Chancellor will prove still to have left too much on the shoulders of the savers (a reduction in whose ability to save should surely have been in the account), and whether the inflationary gap will prove to be so impotent a thing as the Treasury appears to think after its latest effort, remain to be seen. But in intention the Budget is patently stern, and on paper it fights inflation very well. But what about that return after the war? What does that portend for inflation?

It is important when considering the post-war financial possibilities to bear in mind the inevitable shape of Britain's finances then. In war the Government is the big buyer and spender, and after the war the process of reconstruction (particularly if the industrial "telescope" scheme is fully advanced) will clearly call for an extension of the principle of State finance. Here is an inflationary basis already prepared. Will the impact of private spending stimulated by the return of part of war taxation prove a substantial fillip to inflationary forces then?

Up to The Government

This is a factor to be borne in mind. Some market men have been talking of the Government's financial policy as designed to hold down inflation in war but without any provision to guard against it in peace. Investors should also not ignore the signs, but whether or no we have a difficult inflationary post-war period will depend on the Government. It is certain that the scale of tax returns (which, of course, will depend upon how long the war lasts) will affect the scale of State reconstruction, and the extent to which the Treasury makes the adjustment will be the extent to which it faces the inflation problem realistically.

There would be little point in a detailed examination of the Budget proposals now. What is important is the statement of the Treasury's reading of the financial position and of its policy. First and foremost should be noted the Chancellor's statement that he did "not believe that the difference between total expenditure and Budget revenue has so far introduced inflationary dangers into our system." This was surely rash. Do the Chancellor's advisors imagine that we have had no inflation? Or do they perhaps consider that inflation is not "dangerous" until it has already become a fatal disease?

Before the Budget was framed every responsible independent economist was urging the Chancellor to forget the fine art of bookkeeping and to frame his schemes first and foremost with an intention to limit the further development of inflation. On this score, this all-important score, it must be confessed that Sir Kingsley Wood has not grasped the nettle or the point. At the best, the scheme of paying back a proportion of war taxation when the war is over is an ironic commentary on the idea that we have now made up our minds to pay for the war as we fight it. It does, in any economic analysis, load the post-war reconstruction period with inflationary possibilities.

Siate's Grip Firm

There is something more in the continuation of the policy of holding down the prices of food and services like railways than a purely wartime arrangement. No one should believe that when the war is over all the vast apparatus, containing the entire economic scene (though so far not containing it with any particular logic or coherence) of State control will disappear overnight. Industry, trade and finance will have to operate for long after the war under official "guidance." And it will be State and State-directed money that will finance the big reconstruction work. Perhaps the Budget, with its free return of tax offer, did not altogether reflect this inevitability. Perhaps some adjustment to the conditions of return will have to be made.

A word about E.P.T. Most diligent observers were reckoning on a reduction, and in effect they have got it with a delayed action. What companies will do with the return after the war will depend upon the sort of position they find themselves in a world changed back to peace. If all is well with prospects and finance, "A" company might elect to reward its shareholders with a special distribution. "B" company, less enthusiastic about its ability to find its feet quickly and surely in the adjustment period, might feel that the returned sum would fit into the balance-sheet nicely as a sort of reserve, acting as a buffer if need be, or being available as liquid resources to finance projected amendments to the basis of trading.

Meanwhile, second thoughts on the Budget may run on two lines. First, that it was not so tough as the Chancellor thought we should consider it. Secondly, that it is hardly likely to be the last word on war finance.

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Hard-pressed by the "incident" in China, and with the possibility of a Big League War looming, Japan is economizing. One of the most precious wartime commodities is gasoline which has been severely rationed. Here a Tokyo family goes for an outing. Last week came the first admission that maybe Japan had bitten off a little more than she could chew when the Japan "Times and Advertiser" Foreign Office organ, said editorially that "ideas of overcoming this mastodon of nations (China) must have little appeal even to the most sanguine of soldierly minds."



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